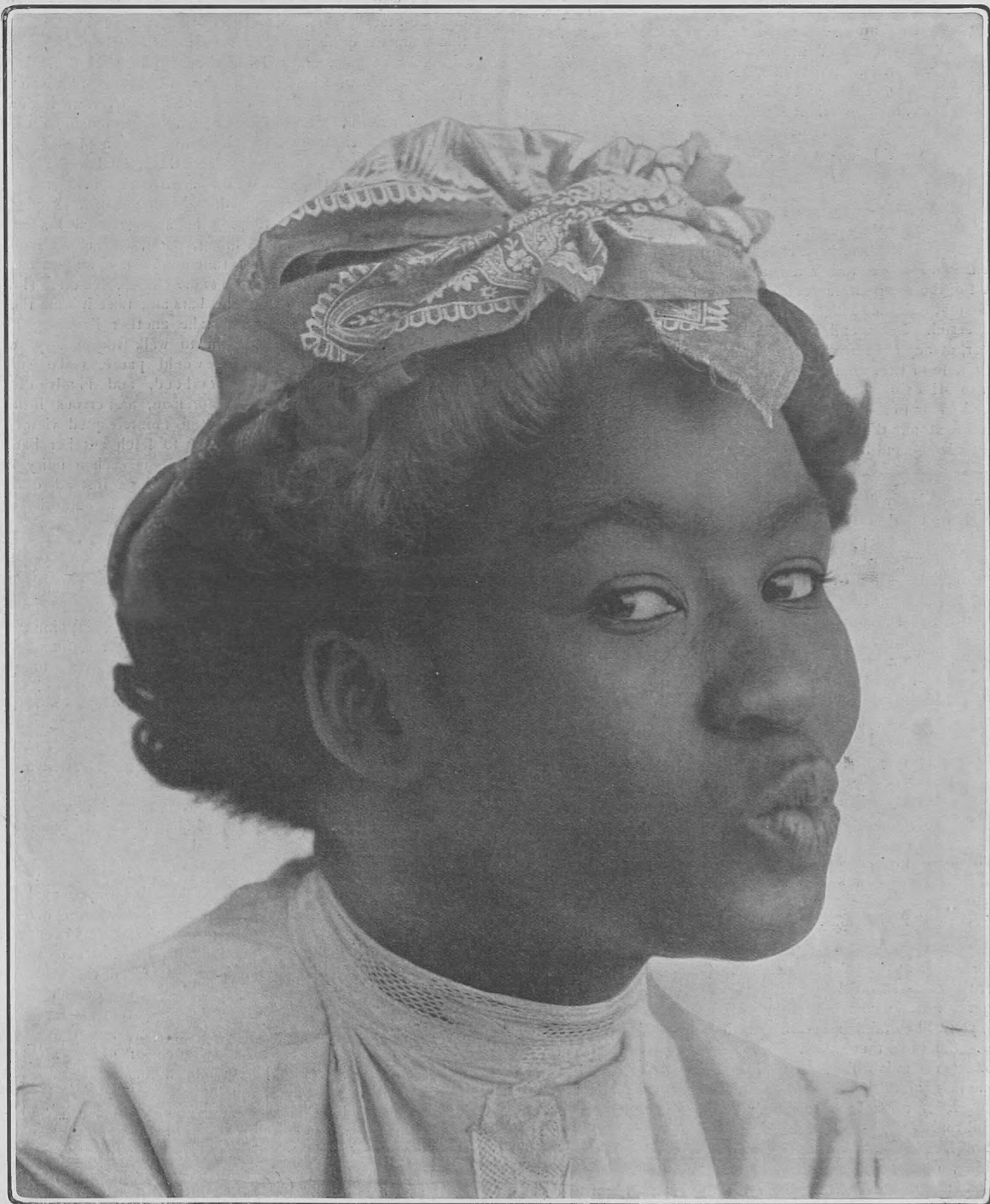


The Sketch

No. 673.—Vol. LII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1905.

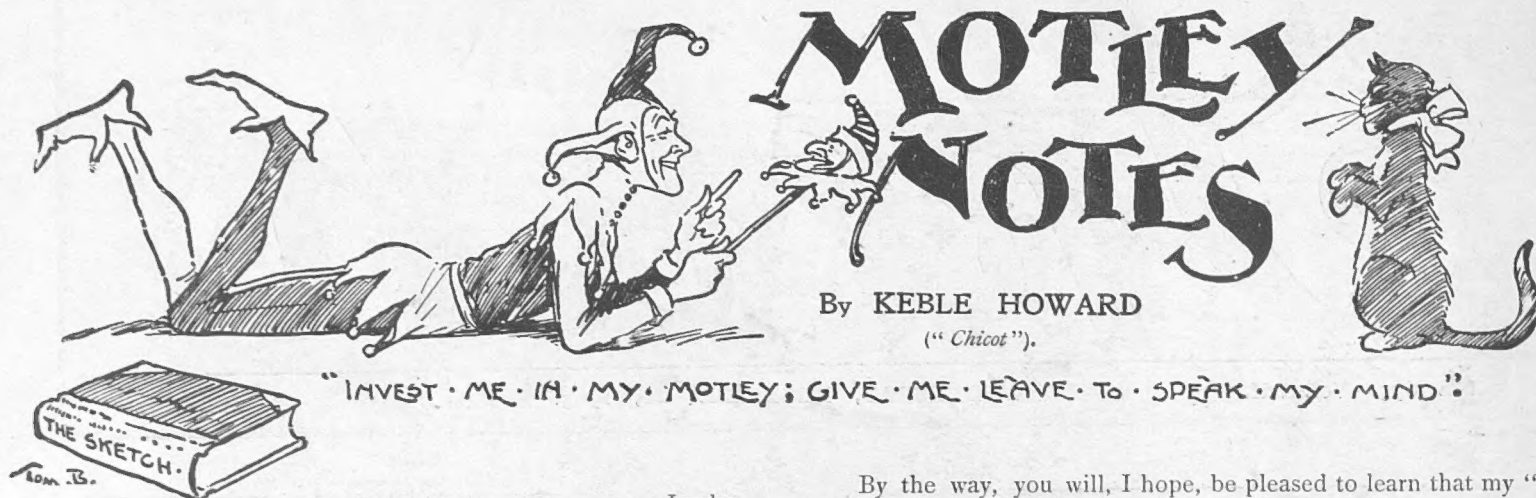
SIXPENCE.



THE COLOURED DANCER WHO HAS MADE SUCH A "HIT" AT THE PALACE:
TOPSY, OF MISS ABIE MITCHELL'S "TENNESSEE STUDENTS."

Topsy's dancing in the "Tennessee Students" turn at the Palace has aroused considerable interest and enthusiasm, and is perhaps the best example of negro dancing ever seen in this country. Topsy is "called" half-a-dozen times each evening.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



London.

LET me get it off my mind as quickly as possible. The name of the lady who has won the little prize for the best list of workaday Christian names is Miss Ethel Coppock, and her address is Moorside, Davonport Park, Stockport. (I print the address, you know, as a guarantee of good faith, and not for the convenience of begging-letter writers.) Miss Coppock has been good enough to supply me with one hundred and six Christian names for men, and one hundred and forty-one Christian names for girls. I hasten to add that some of the lists were even longer, but had to be disqualified either because the names were not suitable for ordinary people, or for the reason that they included some that I have already used. Have you ever been called upon to decide a competition, friend the reader? It is rather a heartrending business, let me tell you. Most of the competitors sent charming little notes with their lists—notes that made me long to forward a consolation prize to each one unsuccessful. In the end, though, I thought of a better plan than that—better, at any rate, from my banker's point of view. I will tell you, in a minute or two, what it was. Before I forget, though, I want to explain to Miss Coppock that the particular novel for which she did me the honour to ask will not be issued in book form until about the end of next month. The very first copy that comes from the binders, dear lady, shall be addressed to Moorside.

The person chiefly benefited by this competition, of course, is myself. I have no desire to disguise the fact; on the contrary, I exult in it. Whatever happens to me in the future, I shall always have an inexhaustible supply of admirable Christian names. You see, not only will there be Miss Coppock's wonderful list to draw upon, but I am keeping all the other lists in a handy place as well. Many of the names, as you will easily understand, occur again and again, but almost every competitor managed to hit upon something or other distinctive. One enterprising gentleman included my own Christian name, and another sent his complete list by wire. Yet a third wrote: "I am nearly out of my 'teens, so I hope my age will not interfere with my chance of winning your prize." The argument, I admit, puzzled me. "I am sending you a list of names, and they really ought to last you a very long time," wrote an ingenuous Willesden correspondent. Altogether, this list contained about forty names, among them being such workaday specimens as Zebulun, Zillah, Ulric, and Yolande. Fancy a sanguine young business-man signing himself "Zebulun Jones"! "If you do send me a prize," pleaded Somebody at Chiswick, "do put Miss D. R—, as, if not, my elder sisters would think it was for them." I congratulate you, Somebody, on your delicate way of explaining things. "Think" is delicious.

Now for my Great Consolation Scheme. (Anybody may go in for it, whether they entered for the Christian Names Stakes or not.) Do you ever get a terrible complaint roughly known as the "Hump"? If you do, you will certainly sympathise with your fellow-sufferers the world over. Send me, then, *in six words or less*, your recipe for curing the hump. (Postcards will be disqualified.) The prize, as before, will be one of my own humble works—unless the winner is brazen enough to ask for a book by somebody else. My decision will be final, and all replies must reach *The Sketch* Office not later than the thirty-first of December. Further, I shall reserve to myself the right of publishing, on this page, any of the replies that may help the "humpy" and amuse the general reader. I think that's all I need say. If I have forgotten anything this time, please attribute the little lapse to the shock following on the disaster that I talked about last week.


By the way, you will, I hope, be pleased to learn that my "Nest-among-the-Stars" is still intact (tap-tap-tap). I am sitting in it at this moment, quite at peace save for the falling of planks and the banging of hammers and the shouting of workmen. I wonder whether you know, friend the reader, why it is that the British workman never puts anything down but always throws it down? I watched this morning one of the men at work outside the Avenue Theatre. His task, apparently, was to move a pile of iron bars from one place to another. To the casual onlooker, there was not much to be gained by moving the bars, and it may have been that the workman thought the same. Anyhow, this was how he did it. Before stooping, he would remove his hat, tickle the crown of his head with one finger, yawn, look about him in the manner of one gazing for the last time upon some long-loved scene, replace the hat, and moisten his hands. Then, bending slowly, he would take a firm grip of one of the bars and raise it from the heap. So much accomplished, he would take another lingering look at the general scene, and then begin to walk very gently towards the new heap. Arrived there, he would pause, make sure that the foreman was in the neighbourhood, and finally drop the bar with a terrific clang. The foreman, a nervous little man, would jump, look round, and enjoy an uninterrupted view of the patient, hardworking fellow on his way to fetch another bar. And that, I think, is why the British workman is such a noisy worker. Not only does it save trouble to drop things instead of putting them down, but it also serves to remind those in authority that he is at work.


What is the matter with Mr. Jerome K. Jerome these days? It was not so long ago that I felt called upon to reprove him for saying that if a man made his name as a humorous writer, the British public would never allow him to write anything else. I pointed out, I remember, that "Paul Kever," Mr. Jerome's most serious work, was also extremely successful. Now, in the Christmas number of *London Opinion*, I find Mr. Jerome complaining that he knows nothing about the aristocracy, and cannot hope, therefore, ever to be really successful as a novelist. It is a delightfully sarcastic article, but the suggestion of bitterness between the lines makes me feel that Mr. Jerome is cherishing a new grievance. As a matter of fact, as years go on the British Public seem to take less and less interest in that tiny world known as Society. They are beginning to understand that the drama and comedy of life are not to be found in the regions of make-believe.

Well, well! Before I am privileged to talk with you again, friend the reader, another Christmas will have passed over our patient heads. Personally, I hate to hear people sneering at Christmas. "It'll be a good thing when it's all over," they say, forgetting, in their ingratitude, the joys of Christmas when they were young, and ignoring, in their selfishness, the joys of Christmas to those who are young now. If your parents, dear sir, had grumbled about the expenses of Christmas, and the bother of buying presents for you, and the nuisance of giving a children's party, do you think you would have looked forward to it and enjoyed it, year after year, as keenly as you know you did? Fair's fair: the day may have gone by when you cared about Santa Claus, and snap-dragon, and Christmas-pudding with sixpences and thimbles and rings in it, and mince-pies, and carollers, and midnight chimes, and all the rest of the sweet old nonsense. But each generation of children, as it comes along, has a right to its Christmas, and it is your duty, for the sake of the youngsters, to make it a success. Buck up, then, and a jolly old Christmas to you!


THE ONLY MEN WHO HAVE BEATEN OUR "ALL BLACK" VISITORS.






D. JONES.

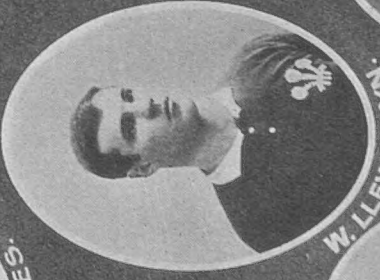

R. M. OWEN.


H. B. WINFIELD.



P. F. BUSH.

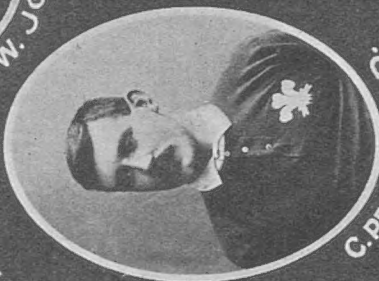

W. JOSEPH.



G. TRAVERS.


W. LLEWELLYN.


R. T. GABE.


E. G. NICHOLLS, Capt.


C. PRITCHARD.


E. T. MORGAN.


U. F. WILLIAMS.


C. M. PRITCHARD.


U. J. HODGES.


A. F. HARDINGE.

WALLES

NEW ZEALAND.

AT CARDIFF. *
DEC. 16TH 1905

A. & G. TAYLOR, CARDIFF, CORRESPONDENTS.

THE MEMBERS OF THE WELSH TEAM BY WHICH THE NEW ZEALANDERS WERE DEFEATED AT CARDIFF ON SATURDAY LAST.

The New Zealanders' sensational run of wins was brought to an end with their fourth International match—that against Wales—which finished with the score "Wales, 3 points; New Zealand, nil." Before the game began, our visitors followed their usual custom by chanting their war-song, and their opponents followed with the Welsh National Anthem. The "Athletic News," by the way, has published the "All Blacks" Maori chant. Translated, it runs: "Together we live, and together we'll die. This man we bring is the murderous one. He slaughtered as long as the sun shone; so shame on him, shame on him, as long as the sun shines!"

Photograph by A. and G. Taylor.

THE CLUBMAN.

Cygnets as a Royal Christmas Box—Roast Peacock—The American Middies and "Hazing."

THE King is sending a cygnet as a Christmas present to some of his relatives and friends. I wonder how many of His Majesty's subjects have eaten cygnet? Not many, I fancy. When I was a small boy, I used to dine once a year at a kindly doctor's house, and the dish of ceremony was always a roast cygnet. It tasted, so far as I can remember, very much like a goose, and its flesh was particularly dark. I can quite imagine that a cygnet cold, boned, stuffed with foie gras, truffles, and other good things, or served as a *paté*, with all the glory of spread wings and arched neck and spread tail as a magnificent outer casing, might be a most lordly dish; but unless my taste deceived me as a youngster, a cygnet is an exceedingly poor substitute for a turkey, or even a goose.

I fancy that the splendid effect of a swan and a peacock carried in with their plumage about them accounted for the vogue of these birds at fifteenth-century feasts. I have eaten many a peacock in the East, and thought them as tasteless and tough as jungle-fowl generally are. The books of classic French cookery do not acknowledge the existence, from a culinary point of view, of either the swan, at any period of its career, or the peacock. I hope this cast back to mediæval dishes may not go so far as to induce us to eat plum porridge, served in a tureen, instead of the modern cannon-ball plum-pudding.

The American midshipman is a capital young fellow as a rule, and just as merry as our own young shavers—I won't call them by the

name they call themselves—who wear the blue and white. I am sorry, therefore, to read of the bullying at Annapolis, the Naval College. Standing a boy on his head till he is insensible is a ruffianly thing to do, and if Mr. Roosevelt stops the "hazing" at Annapolis as it has been stopped at West Point he will have the sympathy of all sensible men. He stands in a particularly advantageous position for doing this, for no living person could possibly doubt the manliness of the President.

I used to meet many of the budding sailor-officers of the American Navy at one time when it was my custom to go up from China to Japan yearly to spend my three months' leave in the latter country. A number of the cadets used to be on board the American war-ships in Japanese waters, and they were capital company for

the points in the American system was, and I have no doubt is, that more boys entered the Service than there were commissions for, and the numbers were gradually reduced by elimination as their education progressed, until only the cleverest and most suitable remained. Thus, when we used to say "Au revoir" to the lads going back for their examination, it was saying "Good-bye" to some of them.

That the Americans thought comparatively little of the fact of a boy being thrown out in his first attempt to join a profession impressed me as showing how adaptable they are. The Americans in Japan always said that if a boy did not succeed in gaining a permanent post in the Navy he had at least had the very best and very healthiest education a boy could have, and that he was as well, or better, prepared than other boys of his age to enter any other profession. To have been squeezed out in a first attempt conveyed no sense of permanent failure. With us it is rather different. I was asked by a father the other day for some advice as to his son taking the Navy as a profession. The boy is bright enough and clever enough to make his way in any profession, but has not given signs of possessing any pronounced taste for the sea.

The healthy youngsters I saw this summer at Osborne were in my memory when I suggested to the anxious father that his boy might well take the first educational steps towards becoming a naval officer, and that if he then did not feel that passion for the sea which is necessary if a boy is to be a sailor heart and soul, he should withdraw him and send him to a public school instead. I was answered that the idea was excellent, but that the head-masters of our big schools by no means looked with favourable eyes on boys who had started to become sailors and then had changed their minds, and that a camel trying to get through a needle's eye was a good simile for a boy withdrawn from the Navy trying to find a vacancy in a good house in a good school.

To revert to the "hazing." I believe that a gymnasium is the best safety-valve in the world for the fighting spirit. There are real bullies, of course, in any great assemblage of boys, but most of the minor cruelties practised by boys on each other are the result of telling young savages to be good instead of letting them tire themselves so thoroughly that they do not want to be anything but good. Look at our own public schools! Boxing is now taught at all of them, and as a consequence, the old-fashioned brutality of pushing two lads into a fight that their fellows may have the pleasure of seeing them hit each other is almost a thing of the past.

When I was a boy at Harrow, the "milling ground" below the old schools was still a recognised institution, kept as a place of battle. The gymnasium was built, boxing and fencing and single-sticks came into favour, and now the "milling-ground" is a miniature rifle-range. Fights are things of the past at Harrow, but the average Harrovian is better able than his predecessors to take care of himself in a street row, and can fence well enough not to be laughed at when he takes up the foils in the fencing-room of a French country house.



A CARICATURE OF A "SKETCH" ARTIST WHO IS TO ACT AS A TUTOR OF ARTISTS: MR. DUDLEY HARDY, WHO, IN PARTNERSHIP WITH MR. JOHN HASSALL, IS OPENING A SCHOOL FOR ILLUSTRATIVE WORK AND POSTER-DESIGN.

Drawn by Thorpe.

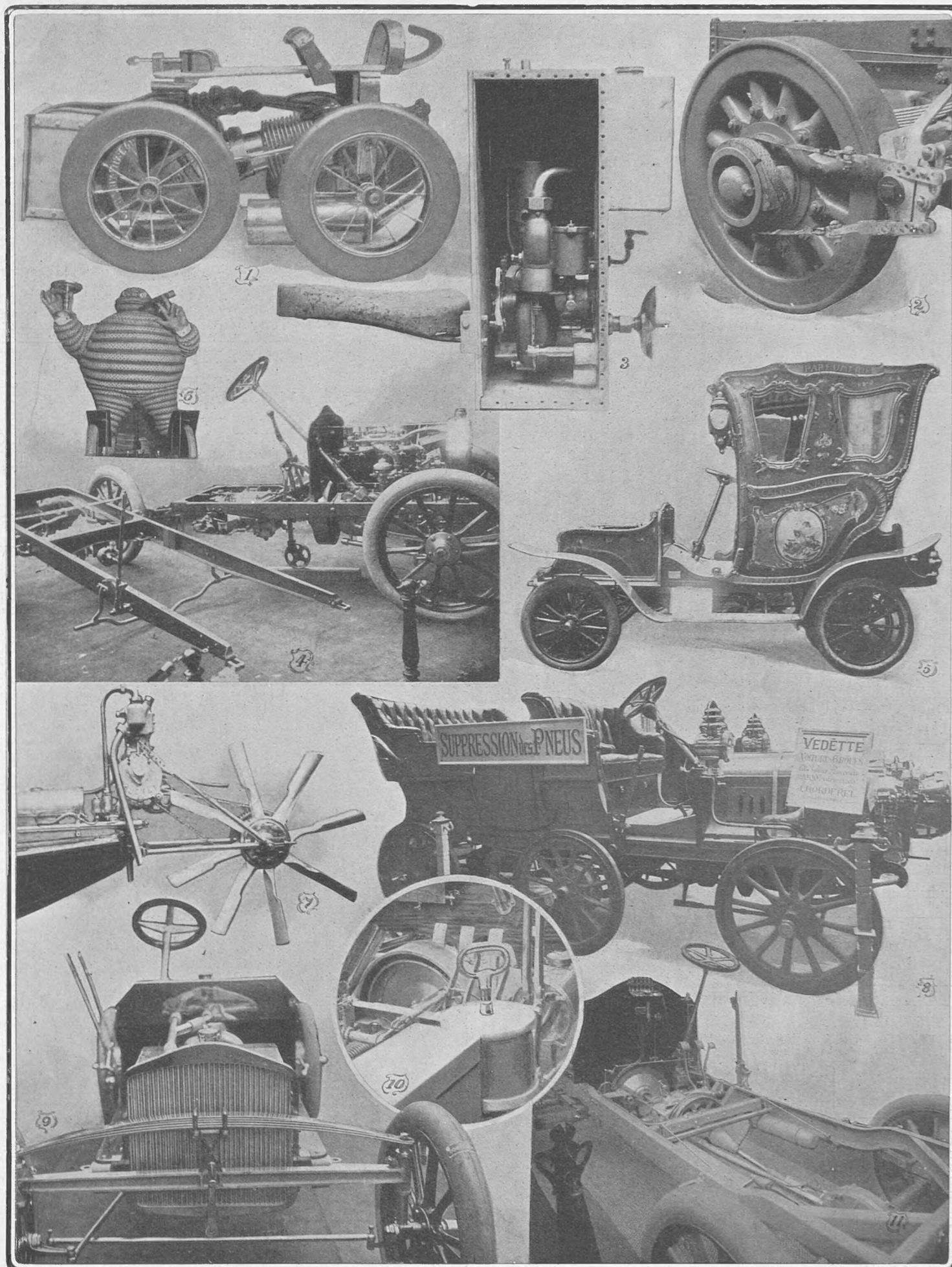
any man who likes to be in contact with high spirits. One of the sad days in Yokohama used to be the day when the cadets were sent back in a body to the United States to pass their examination. One of



A "SKETCH" ARTIST AS A TUTOR OF ARTISTS: MR. JOHN HASSALL, WHO, IN PARTNERSHIP WITH MR. DUDLEY HARDY, IS OPENING A SCHOOL FOR GENERAL ILLUSTRATIVE WORK AND POSTER-DESIGN.

Photograph by Russell.

NEW FREAKS AND NEW FITTINGS AT THE PARIS SHOW.



1. The seven-league boot eclipsed: An ingenious motor-shoe, or skate, consisting of a small air-cooled motor, to the crank-shaft of which the driving-wheels are directly fixed.

2. The Janvier brake for heavy vehicles, which consists of wooden blocks attached to wire cables, which encircle drums on the rear-wheel hubs.

3. A motor-float for those who would ride the waves. The air-tight casing of the motor gives buoyancy; in front of the engine-box is a cork-covered seat for the driver; and in the rear is a propeller.

4. The Luc Court telescopic chassis. The advantage of this arrangement is that either a long or short chassis, with corresponding body, can be used.

5. A luxurious Louis XV. body, designed for advertising purposes.

6. An ingenious exhibit at the Michelin tyre stand: A figure made of tubes.

7. The Buchet stern paddle-wheel, by the aid of which any small boat can be transformed into a motor craft.

8. The six-wheeled Borderel car. The centre wheels of this car are the drivers, and the front and back pairs, which are inter-connected, the steerers. The system of springing is that favoured by railway engineers, compensating levers being fitted. It is said that the car will give satisfactory results without the aid of pneumatic tyres.

9. The front spring arrangement of the Sizaie and Naudin car.

10. The Mors self-starter, which consists of a small hand-pump fixed to the frame and worked from the driver's seat, and a small form of carburetter placed upon the mud-guard, with the necessary tubing leading to the cylinders.

11. The Renault self-starter. This has a small extra engine which is started by pressure from the gas-charged cylinder seen in the illustration. After starting the fly-wheel, the auxiliary engine releases itself automatically.

Photographs by Branger and the Topical Press.

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ARIEL ... MISS VIOLET TREE.
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SATURDAYS, Dec. 30, Jan. 6.
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Evenings (up to and including Friday next) at 9. Matinee Wednesday at 3.

CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE, by Hubert Henry Davies.
CHARLES WYNDHAM, MISS MARION TERRY, and MISS MARY MOORE.
Preceded at 8.30 by "The American Widow."
N.B.—"Captain Drew" will be transferred on MONDAY, January 1, to
WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

CRITERION THEATRE, W.—Sole Lessee, Sir Charles
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EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30. **THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM.**
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on Sundays and Christmas Day. Drawing-room Cars on
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Fast Trains leave Victoria at 9.45, 12 noon, 1.30 and
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9.25 a.m. Sundays and Christmas Day. Drawing-room Cars on
certain Trains.

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PORTSMOUTH
ISLE OF WIGHT

Fast Trains, with Isle of Wight connection, leave Victoria
10.30, 11.35 a.m., 1.42 and 3.55 p.m., London Bridge 10.25, 11.35 a.m.,
1.50, and 4.55 p.m. on Week-days.

CONVENIENT CHEAP TICKETS for the CHRISTMAS

HOLIDAYS will be issued on Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25, and 26.

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of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the
East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

THE MERE MAN—ON SMOKE ABATEMENT.

The Conference and Exhibition opened in the Horticultural Society's
Hall last week by Sir William Richmond attracted the public attention
in a fortunate hour. Sir Oliver Lodge, who was to have inaugurated
the proceedings with a paper, was, unfortunately, ill, and not in
a condition to venture out into the realms of the fog he seeks
to destroy, for there is no doubt that the microbes would have
attacked him vigorously. But he sent his notes to Sir William
Richmond, who read them, and it must be confessed that they are
not absolutely full of hope for a better time. Sir Oliver holds that
the right way for dealing with a town fog is not to produce it; but at
present, unhappily, there is no popular method of ensuring complete
combustion of solid fuel, and while combustion is incomplete, the fog,
like the poor, will always be with us.

**THE SALE OF WHISTLER'S "IRVING" AND SARGENT'S
"ELLEN TERRY."**

At the Irving sale on Saturday, Whistler's painting of Henry Irving
as Philip II. of Spain realised 4,800 guineas. It is believed that the
picture is to be added to an American collection. Mr. J. S. Sargent's
portrait of Miss Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth fetched 1,200 guineas.

SOUTH EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

THE FRENCH RIVIERA.—CHEAP RETURN TICKETS,

via FOLKESTONE and BOULOGNE, 1st Class, £9 12s. od.; 2nd Class, £6 12s. od.,
will be issued, leaving VICTORIA at 2.15 p.m. on December 22nd. Returning any day up
to January 30th.

PARIS and Back, via CALAIS or BOULOGNE, 30s. od.;
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GATE, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, DOVER, FOLKESTONE, SHORNCIFFE,
HYTHE, SANDGATE, and NEW ROMNEY (LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA), will be issued
from LONDON by any Train (Mail and Boat Expresses excepted) on DECEMBER 22, 23,
and 24, available for Return Journey 24 to 27 DECEMBER, inclusive.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23.—A FAST LATE TRAIN to

CHISLEHURST, SEVENOAKS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS,
HASTINGS, ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, FOLKESTONE,
and DOVER, leaving CANNON STREET 12.28 midnight, LONDON BRIDGE 12.34 a.m.,
and NEW CROSS at 12.42 a.m. A FAST LATE TRAIN to CHATHAM, SITTING-
BOURNE, SHEERNESS, FEVERSHAM, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHING-
TON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, CANTERBURY,
WALMER, DEAL, and DOVER, leaving VICTORIA 12.30 midnight, HOLBORN 12.30 mid-
night, ST. PAUL'S 12.32 a.m., ELEPHANT AND CASTLE 12.37 a.m., LOUGHBOROUGH
JUNCTION 12.43 a.m., BRIXTON 12.38 a.m., and HERNE HILL 12.45 a.m. WEEK-
END RETURN TICKETS will be issued by these Trains to Stations where such bookings
already exist.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Several Extra Trains will run, but the
Ordinary Services will be as on Sundays.**BOXING DAY.**—CHEAP PANTOMIME EXCURSIONS

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During the Holidays several Trains will be withdrawn or altered.

For further particulars as to Times of Trains, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Special
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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

NINETEEN hundred and six will in truth be a right royal year, to be long remembered in the annals of the Royal caste. First on the list of events will come the Silver Wedding of William II. and his Consort. This festival is to be celebrated on a splendid scale, and representatives of every European Court will attend it. Then, it is said late in February, will be the formal announcement of the King of Spain's

engagement, followed after four weeks' interval by the wedding, which will, of course, take place in Madrid, for it is the privilege of Sovereigns to be married from their own, instead of from their bride's home. On June 24th English visitors will be welcomed in Norway, for on that auspicious date King Haakon and his pretty Queen will be solemnly crowned amid the congratulations of the entire world.

A Queen of the North.

One of the honours most appreciated in the North Country is the barony granted to Sir Henry Meysey Meysey-Thompson, who, with Lady Meysey-Thompson, is extremely popular in Yorkshire. Lady Meysey-Thompson, who married nearly one-and-twenty years ago, was the sole heiress of her maternal grandfather, the Rev. Edmund Hector Shipperdson. Her father succeeded his brother as third Baronet forty

Orange to Ireland, and was lost the next day, with all his crew, when the war-ship *Dreadnought* went down in pursuit of the French vessels which were taking supplies for James II. His brother sold part of the family estates to assist the Orange cause. Lady Meysey-Thompson's paternal grandfather figures in the history of the East India Company, and became famous as the Governor of Hong Kong, the Cape, and Madras. Sir Henry and Lady Meysey-Thompson are devoted to outdoor sport, as,



A NEW PEERESS: LADY HARMSWORTH.
From the Crayon Drawing by Ellis Roberts.

indeed, all the Meysey-Thompsons have been. Sir Henry's brother, Richard Frederick, was in the terrible accident in which Sir Charles Slingsby lost his life. Major Meysey-Thompson's was one of the two horses which caused the upset of the boat.

A Strong Man's Helpmeet.

Lady Harmsworth has been the recipient, with her husband, of countless congratulations on the peerage conferred upon Sir Alfred. Perhaps not all her friends of these days realise how thoroughly she deserves the pretty felicitations that have been showered upon her. If ever man was helped forward in his career by the sympathy and intelligent co-operation of a good woman, that man is Sir Alfred Harmsworth. He was very poor when he first met Miss Mary Elizabeth Milner. Her father lived at Kidlington, Oxford, and had some stake in the West Indies. She was a bright, intellectual girl, delighted at the courage with which this plucky son of a barrister was making his independent fight for fortune. Her encouragement was of inestimable value at such a time. She increased his obligation by actively throwing herself into his work. He took no step without her knowledge. She shared with him the struggles of the early years, and was his constant encouragement and inspiration. Their married life has been uncloudedly happy. The one word which does not find admittance into the Harmsworth vocabulary is "side." They are to-day as charming, unaffected, and delightful a couple as when their joint efforts did not yield five pounds a week to their exchequer. They have no children of their own, but are vastly good to other people's. Their summer camp for poor waifs is an annual dream of joy to them as well as to their protégés, while their benefactions to hospitals and unadvertised philanthropies give them both a warm place in the esteem of those who know them in private.



A NEW PEERESS: LADY MEYSEY-THOMPSON.
From the Painting by Harris Brown.

years ago. In due course his property will come to her, for there is no heir. The Pottingers of this line are derived from the same house as the Berkshire Pottingers, but laid the foundation of their fortunes in Ireland, where for generations they were sovereigns of Belfast. It was Lady Meysey-Thompson's ancestor who conveyed William of



THE CLERGYMAN WHO HAS WRITTEN THE MUSIC FOR "NOAH'S ARK," AT THE WALDORF: THE REV. W. A. COLLISSON, MUS. DOC. (HOUSTON COLLISSON).

It is believed that Mr. Collisson, who is an assistant priest at St. Saviour's, Walton Street, S.W., is the first clergyman who has written the music for a play produced on the London stage. Under his professional name, Houston Collisson, Mr. Collisson has composed the music for "Noah's Ark," which is to be produced at the Waldorf on the 30th.

Photograph by L. H. Bailey.

de Montpensier. She is a favourite younger friend of the German Emperor and Empress, and frequently visits Potsdam. Her eldest son strongly resembles his first cousin, the King of Spain, and will probably play an important rôle at the latter's Court.

Indians and Turks.

One of the most popular theories with respect to the North-American Indians is that they are the lost tribes of Israel who wandered across Asia and entered America by Behring Straits. But now a new idea has just been put forward, for it appears that a Turk who is living in Mexico was very much surprised, when out walking in the country near the capital, to hear the natives speaking in a language which greatly resembled his own. He spoke to them in Turkish, and found that they understood him perfectly, and that he could make out what they said. The case has been submitted to an American professor of philology, and his report is awaited with some interest, as it will be curious, to say the least of it, if he can establish an analogy between the dialects of the Mexican Indians and the Turks.

A Spanish Princess in England. The Infanta Eulalie, who not long ago chaperoned Princess Victoria Eugénie at the Opera, is the youngest of the King of Spain's aunts and one of the most accomplished of European Royal ladies. As her two sons are being educated at Beaumont, the great Roman Catholic school near Windsor, the Infanta is a great deal in England, where she has many close friends. Her Royal Highness has also the pleasant reputation of being one of the best-dressed Princesses now living. She inherits her love of fine raiment from her French grandmother, the Duchesse

Siam's Horror of Odd Numbers. The Siamese are far more superstitious than we are, for they are not content merely with avoiding the number thirteen, but will have nothing to do with any uneven number. In their houses they have four, six, or eight windows, but never five or nine; for dinner they always have two tables and eight or twelve chairs, and they avoid an uneven number of wives. They carry their horror of odd numbers into every action of their lives, and even count their steps and almost their words. When going to bed at night they only sleep really soundly when they are quite sure that they



A LADY WHO HAS BEEN AWARDED THE ROYAL RED CROSS: MRS. VIOLET CLAY.

The terrible earthquake which took place at Dharmasala this year brought the coveted Royal Red Cross to Mrs. Violet Clay, for services rendered during and after the disaster. Mrs. Clay is the youngest daughter of Sir Henry Nightingale, and the wife of Major C. H. Clay, of the 7th Gurkha Rifles, who was seriously injured during the earthquake while saving the life of his little son.

Photograph by Lambert Weston.

have not laid themselves open to nocturnal attacks from evil spirits by doing or saying something into which an uneven number has entered.

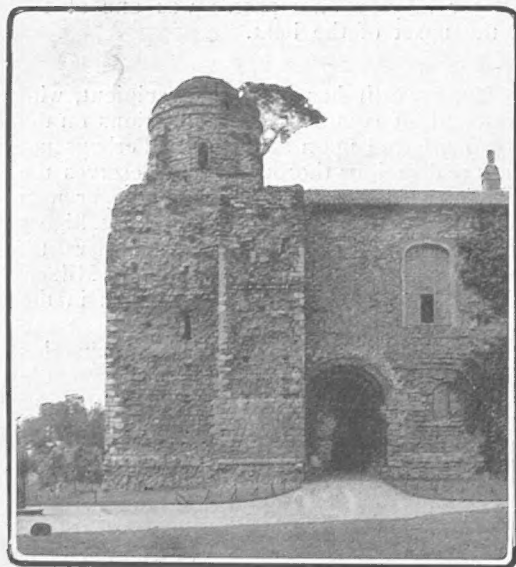
The late Signor Mugnone.

A thrill of dismay passed through London's musical circles last week when the papers published a report that Signor Mugnone had died suddenly in Italy. Unfortunately, the report was not quite unfounded. A Signor Mugnone had passed away, but he was the brother of the famous conductor and not the conductor himself, as most of us imagined. The deceased gentleman was one of the first violins in the Covent Garden orchestra, and was taken ill shortly before the season ended. His distinguished brother, who, happily, is still with us, spent his two months in London rehearsing by day and conducting by night, and it was the knowledge that he had overworked so persistently that made his friends and admirers in London ready to accept the bad news without due investigation. Mugnone is probably one of the sternest disciplinarians ever seen at Covent Garden, but singers and players alike placed the fullest confidence in him.



THE YOUNGEST AUNT OF THE KING OF SPAIN, NOW ON A VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY: THE INFANTA EULALIE.

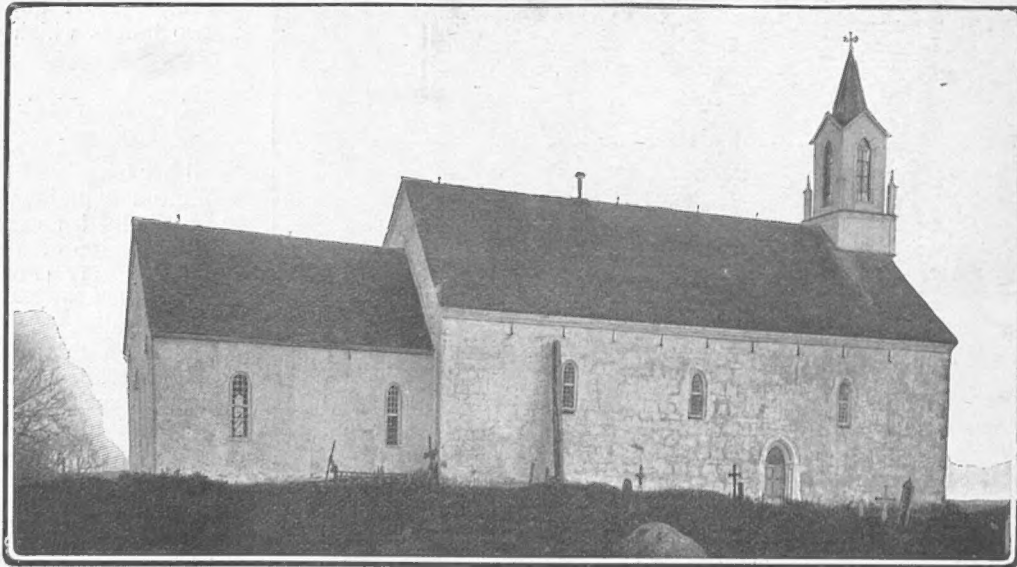
Photograph by Alice Hughes.



AN OAK-TREE ON THE ROOF OF A CASTLE: THE CASTLE, COLCHESTER.

It will be remembered that we illustrated recently Fishtoft Church and its famous elier. By the courtesy of one of our readers, we are now able to reproduce a photograph of the Castle, Colchester, on the roof of which a good-sized oak-tree grows.

Photograph supplied by S. B. Bond.



THE CHURCH AND STONE THAT ARE TO GIVE THE SIGNAL FOR THE END OF THE WORLD: AUGVALDSNALS CHURCH, KARMEON ISLAND, NORWAY, AND THE "VIRGIN MARY'S NEEDLE."

Superstition has it that when the stone pillar called the "Virgin Mary's Needle" touches Augvaldsnals Church the world will come to an end. To prevent this occurrence, it is said that the local parson mounts the pillar and chisels some of the top of it away whenever he thinks that the point of the needle is getting dangerously near the sacred building.

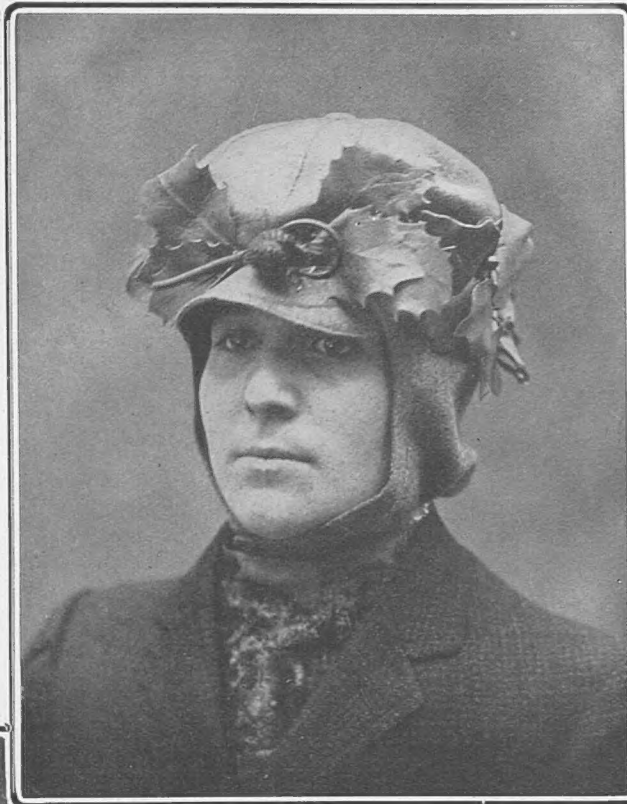
Photograph supplied by George Guy.

"C.-B." as a Leader. Eloquence or even fluency is not essential to a leader of the House of Commons. Mr. W. H. Smith had neither, and he was a more successful leader than Mr. Gladstone. Probably the new Prime Minister will leave most of the speaking to be done by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd-George and others. He is not fond of his own voice. "How long do you intend to speak?" a reporter asked at a public meeting. "Intend," he wrote in reply, "is hardly the word, but I 'fear' about an hour." His sense of humour is a useful quality in a leader. He is very happy in turning aside an inconvenient question. When he was Secretary for War the Nationalists complained that certain Irish soldiers had been forbidden to sport the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day, and someone asked "C.-B." if the soldiers of his own country were allowed to wear the thistle. "The Scottish emblem," replied the canny Minister, "does not lend itself with convenience to the button-hole."

Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, who has been selected to fill the difficult post of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, was a private secretary to "Bob" Lowe more than thirty years ago, and was Sir Charles Dilke's successor

He is happiest when acting as Chairman of Quarter Sessions in Wilts. His marriage to a sister of Mr. Fitzgerald, the Alpine climber, which took place in 1889, was annulled in 1894.

The Out-of-Works. Some surprise has been expressed at Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's temerity in receiving a deputation of the unemployed so soon after his long-postponed arrival in office, but



A SEASONABLE
HEAD-DRESS FOR
MOTORING:
A CAP ADORNED
WITH HOLLY, SHOWN
AT THE
PARIS EXHIBITION.

Photographs by Branger.

it is probable that the men who came up to Westminster last week were far less formidable than the small groups of unemployed who had been gathering in Belgrave Square a few days before. A Liberal member remarked the other night that for every office "C.-B." could grant there were at least four candidates of merit more or less equal, each candidate having a host of friends

and supporters. Small wonder, then, if when the Premier, assisted by the Right Hon. John Burns, received the deputation on Wednesday last, he knew all about the bitter cry of the unemployed. The President of the Local Government Board, who spoke so comfortably to his cousins, the horny-handed sons of toil, is in rather an awkward position. He has explained to the world at large that no man is worth more than five hundred a year, and his present salary is two thousand. Judging by the accounts that have been received from the "L.G.B." since Mr. Burns went there, he is determined to set the matter right by doing four men's work. This, of course, is very creditable, but is in downright negation of the principles underlying the widespread claims of working-men for an eight hours' day.

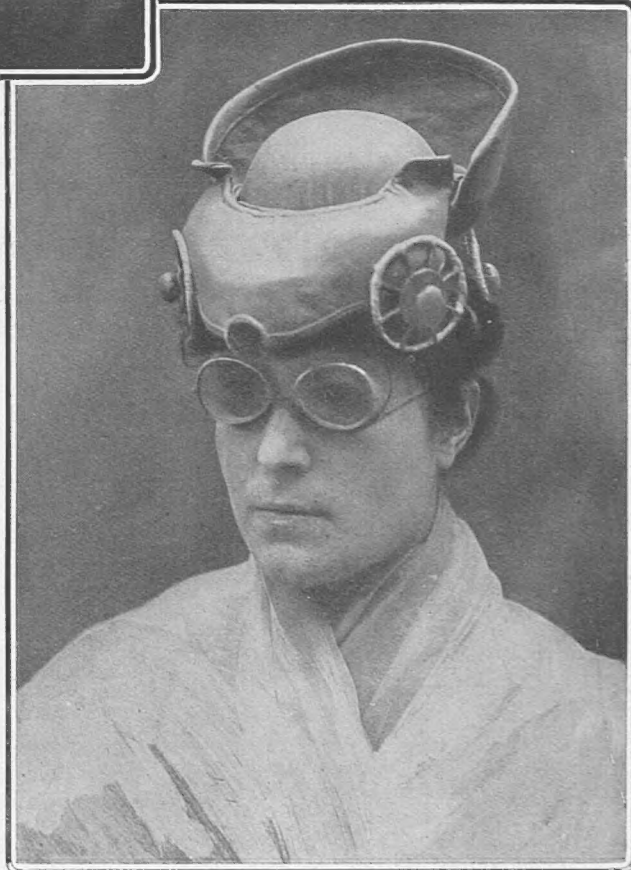
A Republican Romance. The engagement of America's "Princess Royal," Miss Alice Roosevelt, to Mr. Nicholas Longworth, is at last formally announced. The young politician has wooed her long and persistently, if rumour, as spread by her native land's argus-eyed Press, is to be credited. If the wedding takes place in February Miss Roosevelt will forego the triumphal journey to Europe which was to have occupied the coming spring, for her bridegroom's career compels him to stay at home. One incident of their courtship is believed to have occurred as follows, though it was contradicted: In order to test Mr. Longworth's devotion, and indifference to ridicule, Miss Roosevelt dared him to jump, attired in full calling attire, into a swimming-bath, which was being shown to her during her tour in the Far East. Without hesitation he at once obeyed her. It should be added that report states also that the young lady at once leapt in after him!

The Playfulness of the King of Spain. The young King of Spain was in a festive mood on his last visit to Paris, it seems. He was incognito, which, of course, makes all the difference. When he went shooting at Rambouillet, he treated the grey-headed President with great familiarity, patting him



THE RICHARD-BRASIER CAR AS A LADY'S HEAD-DRESS:
A MOTOR-CAR HAT, SHOWN AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1883. At the Home Rule split, while his brother, Lord Lansdowne, took the side of the Unionists, Lord Edmond went with Mr. Gladstone. He was out of Parliament for thirteen years, but returned in 1898, and has since then sat among the Liberal leaders on the front Opposition Bench. On one occasion he was put up to move a resolution of censure on his brother's policy. He is exceedingly well informed and exceedingly fluent, and he has recently made a hit with his "Life of Earl Granville"



A FREAKISH FASHION FOR FAIR MOTORISTS: A RENAULT
MOTOR-CAR HAT, SHOWN AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

on the back, presenting arms to him, and even stealing his hat. The venerable Chief of State was a little taken aback. Finally he said, "Majesté, vous êtes un enfant." With Dom Carlos or Prince George of the Hellenes M. Loubet feels quite at home; but the high-spirited scion of the Bourbons is a kingly handful. With its love of nicknames, Paris, by the way, has bestowed the title of "Admiral Broadships" upon the bulky Sovereign of Portugal, whose solid silhouette has been much *en évidence* on the Boulevards of late.

Sir H. E. Moss. Sir Horace Edward Moss, whose knighthood dates from the recent Honours List, is well known to the general public, as well as to the theatrical and music-hall professions, as Chairman of Moss's Empires, Limited, and the London Hippodrome. To all intents and purposes, he is a self-made man. He was only twenty-three when he acquired his first music-hall, the Gaiety, Edinburgh, and his enterprise resulted in failure. Since then he has made steady progress, and on the 18th of this month the thirty-eighth house built under his auspices was opened—the Glasgow Coliseum.

The Royal South African Tour—and a Story.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who start for South Africa on Saturday next (the 23rd), will take with them the warm good wishes of the British people; they will be accompanied by Princess Patricia, and may look forward to a very pleasant tour. The Duke is said to have inherited something of Queen Victoria's power of repartee. On the occasion of a visit paid by him many years ago to Dublin, a certain Mr. Henn insisted on being introduced to his Royal Highness because, he said, his son had sat next the Prince when both were passing their examinations for the Army! "I was, then," observed the Duke, "between two birds, for on my other side was a Mr. Peacock, and none of us were plucked." The King, who will see his brother off at Waterloo Station, is exceedingly attached to the Duke, and bestowed a high honour upon him—that of appointing him Great Master of the Order of the Bath—within a month of the Accession.

King Haakon in Mark His Shirt-sleeves.

It was Mark Twain who said that foreigners spell better than they pronounce. His remark is not without point in connection with the name of the new King of Norway, which is not sounded as it is written, but as Hokon, with the "o" long. A story is told of King Haakon's pleasant manners which has not been heard in England till now. A Dutch merchant was travelling in Denmark on business, and was alone in a first-class carriage, so as it was a very hot day he took off his coat. Presently, at a little station not far from Copenhagen, a gentleman got in, and as the Dutchman was beginning to put on his coat, begged him not to do so, and took off his own to keep him company. The two fell into conversation in English, which was the only language common to both of them, and the Dutchman remarked what a fine travelling-bag his companion had got. "Yes," said the other, "it came



A NEW KNIGHT: SIR HORACE EDWARD MOSS.

from London. My wife gave it to me." They went on chatting in English until they reached Copenhagen, and then the Dutchman discovered that his companion was Prince Karl of Denmark, now the King of Norway.

Sarah's Bad Egg-Sample.

When Madame Sarah Bernhardt was at Quebec the other day, eggs in an advanced state of chickenhood were handed rapidly over the heads of the crowd and struck certain of her entourage. It was a new kind of "bouquet" for the Divine; indeed, it was no bouquet of violets. It was clearly a clerical demonstration; but why the Church should fling eggs at the Stage no man can say. In the old days, the Evil One was exorcised with bell and book and candle. Happily, New York has rectified the balance. Instead of the product of the barnyard flung by ungallant Catholic students, the gloved hands of the Four Hundred projected flowers upon the stage. In her rocking-chair at the Waldorf-Astoria, the Queen of Tragedy said it did not matter a bit. The Quebecians had been misled by a wicked newspaper; otherwise, they really did not mean any harm—which is talking like a good sorceress. We should have been sorry if a perpetual blight had fallen upon the capital of the Dominion because of the conduct of its inhabitants towards Sarah.

Buried with Honours.

There are certain very dignified functionaries of the French Chamber of Deputies who are known as Questeurs. Hitherto, they have been lodged at the expense of the State in the Parliament House itself. A Deputy has now brought in a Bill to deprive them of this privilege. In compensation, the worthy legislator proposes to give them a public funeral, with a regiment, commanded by a general, in attendance. It is possible that by these means the opposition of the Questeurs to the reform will be overcome. Certainly it is something to be



AN ELABORATE EXHIBIT AT "TRUTH'S" ANNUAL DOLL-SHOW: "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."

Photograph by Park.



THE WIFE OF A NEW KNIGHT: LADY MOSS.

Photograph by Langflier



A NEW MAID-OF-HONOUR TO THE QUEEN: THE HON. BLANCHE LASCELLES.

Drawn by G. C. Wilmshurst. (See Facing Page.)

A NEW MAID-OF-HONOUR TO THE QUEEN.



THE HON. MARGARET DAWNAY.

Miss Dawnay, one of the two new Maids-of-Honour to the Queen, is the daughter of Colonel the Hon. Lewis Dawnay and Lady Victoria Dawnay, of Beningborough Hall, and is in her twenty-sixth year. Her appointment gives her the title of Honourable. Miss Blanche Lascelles and herself take the place of the Hon. Dorothy Vivian and the Hon. Mary Dyke, resigned.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.



By E. A. B.

A Lord Mayor and his Christmas Gathering of 186 Relations.

may, the family party dear to our parents is practically a thing of the past. Even if it were not, it is doubtful if England to-day could produce the like of a gathering with which the Lord Mayor of London of two-and-thirty years ago celebrated Christmas. Sir Sydney Waterlow entertained 186 of his relations at the Mansion House. His father, aged eighty-two years, dined at the same table as thirteen children, forty-nine grandchildren, and fourteen great-grandchildren. The Lord Mayor was supported by four sons and four daughters, four brothers and six sisters, seventeen nephews, twenty-two nieces, twenty-nine cousins, and one grandson; and Lady Waterlow by her step-mother, four brothers,

There is no such person as Santa Claus. The name is only the German diminutive of St. Nicholas. The latter was about the handiest saint in the calendar. He patronised the serfs, and is to-day the favoured Saint of Russia; he restored to life three young scholars of promise whom an innkeeper, with a queer form of humour, had cut up and dumped into his salting-tub; he saved the souls of the thieves, whom he caused to restore their plunder, so becoming the patron saint of those lusty robbers the Knights of St. Nicholas; he rescued innocent menaced maidens; he stilled the raging of the sea. A good man and industrious was Santa Claus, but his festival has had a decided tumble in the calendar.

Mixing It. Force of habit still compels some of us to speak of Mr. Balfour as "Prime Minister," and will for many a day. It was less surprising that the name of Queen Victoria should after so many years remain long upon the tongue. Eight times in as many minutes Lord Rosebery spoke of "Her Majesty's Government" in that "clean slate" speech with which he dug himself out of his furrow. The present Bishop of Birmingham was so confused by the new phraseology introduced by the change that he spoke of "George, Duke of Connaught and York, and the Duchess of Connaught and York"; while in the Abbey, long after her Majesty had been laid to rest, the tripping tongue of a famous Canon was heard to utter the words: "O, Lord, save the Queen." Even the most careful and conscientious of us may come down. When William IV. died, a parish clerk went over the whole Church service, writing in "Queen" for "King," but succeeded on the Sabbath in making the congregation jump, by vigorously declaiming, "Thou art the Queen of Glory!"



Photo. Clarke and Hyde.

FATTENING CYGNETS FOR CHRISTMAS IN THE SWANNERY OF THE GREAT HOSPITAL, ST. HELEN, NORWICH: THE TUBE THROUGH WHICH THE FOOD FOR THE BIRDS IS CONVEYED TO THE SWAN-PIT.

During the past few years the cygnet has been coming into favour again as a Christmas dish, and about a hundred cygnets are fattened each year in the swannery of the Great Hospital, St. Helen, Norwich. Last year the King was amongst those whose tables bore the dish. The birds are fed with barley and maize.

three sisters, twelve nephews, as many nieces, and forty-one cousins. Is not that a record for symposia of this character?

The Waits—Licensed and Unlicensed.

recognised status. In the City the post of Leader of the Waits was purchased; in Westminster the High Constable and the Court of Burgesses made the appointments. None save those licensed might sing and play in the streets. Would that none but the licensed now might—and their licenses be withdrawn! The leader of the band engaged his performers, just as Mr. Henry Wood engages his artists, and, armed with their authority, proceeded to make our ancestors unhappy. Suddenly there came a fearful upset. Certain unconscionable rogues took to doing without a license that which the privileged had done with. The latter did not so much mind their rivals' singing; they did grieve, however, at their collecting money. To the police-court they carried the matter. Woeful day! the Courts decreed that any man, woman, or child was free to take to the streets and sing and play to their hearts' content on Christmas Eve. And most of them have done it ever since.

Who Was Santa Claus?

It would be a shameful thing to tell the youngsters, but really Santa Claus has no more to do with Christmas Eve than the rest of us. His festival rightly falls on Dec. 6. Somehow, the date has been carried forward. Until that happened children hung up their stockings on the former occasion, praying with all their little hearts—

St. Nicholas, my good patron,
Send me something very good.



DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN REPRODUCED FOR A PENNY-IN-THE-SLOT.

Among the ingenious penny-in-the-slot machines now to be seen is one showing Daniel in the lions' den. The instructions for working it read as follows—"Place one penny in the slot and the figures will commence moving in a most lifelike manner. In the background will be seen the King and his Minister. The Guardian Angel will also appear."

in the Abbey. Yet he was eager enough in his cause to declare himself ready to go to Charing Cross in his lawn sleeves and there proclaim "King James III." They told King Edward years ago of this "James III." at Warwick Castle. "James III.?" he repeated. "Ah, you mean the Old Pretender," he laughed. "We don't think so, your Royal Highness," was the freezing retort of the elderly retainer showing him round.



Photo. Clarke and Hyde.

THE REVIVAL OF AN ANCIENT CHRISTMAS DISH: CATCHING A CYGNET FOR CHRISTMAS EATING BY MEANS OF A CROOK SIMILAR TO THAT USED BY SHEPHERDS.

A fat cygnet costs two guineas, and has a flavour between that of a goose and a hare. The Great Hospital issues the following rhyming recipe for the gravy: "To a gravy of beef (good and strong) I opine, You will be right if you add half-a-pint of port wine; Pour this through the swan—yes, quite through the belly, Then serve the whole up with some hot currant jelly.—N.B. The swan must not be skinned."

Militant Deans. The Dean of Westminster, who concludes his series of lectures on Gospel History on Saturday, has had predecessors who have not been content to adhere to ecclesiastical matters. One of them was so devoted a Jacobite that the name of Milton was intolerable to him. He would not have it inscribed upon the walls of the Abbey. It was "too detestable to be read on the walls of a building dedicated to devotion," said this rabid priest. There came another, in Atterbury, who, while not abating one jot of Jacobean loyalty, was sufficiently a scholar to see the wisdom of giving the name of the immortal place

HUNTLEY WRIGHT, TRAGEDIAN AND COMEDIAN.

"THE LITTLE FATHER OF THE WILDERNESS" AND "THE MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER," AT THE COMEDY.



MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT AS PÈRE MARLOTTE
IN "THE
LITTLE FATHER OF THE WILDERNESS."



MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT AS MONTAGUE
SIBSEY IN
"THE MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER."



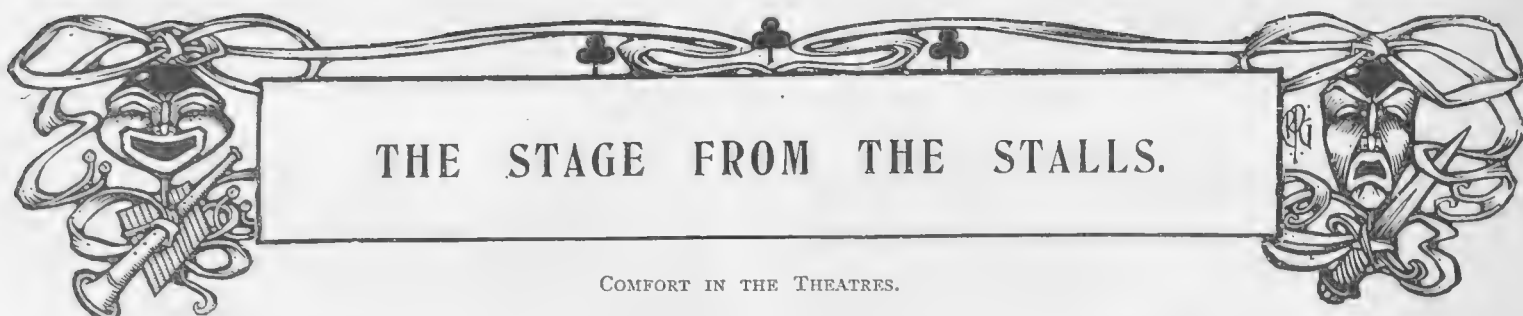
MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT AS MONTAGUE SIBSEY AND MISS MARGARET
HALSTAN AS LENA, IN "THE MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER."



MISS GRACE LANE AS ALICE AND MISS DORA BARTON AS BETTY
IN "THE MOUNTAIN-CLIMBER."

"The Little Father of the Wilderness" and "The Mountain-Climber" give Mr. Huntley Wright opportunity to appear in a sympathetic rôle and in a part of the style he has played with so much success for so many years. In the first piece he appears as a Jesuit priest, who is brought from Canada to France to satisfy a bet made by Louis XV. with one of his courtiers, who comes to the Court believing that his work among the Indians is at last to meet with recognition, is bitterly disappointed, but eventually, by a turn of Fortune's wheel, finds himself an archbishop. In the second play, Mr. Wright represents a gentleman who, in order to be able to enjoy himself in Paris, invents stories of wonderful and perilous adventures amongst the mountains, with the result that he gains a reputation as a climber which he finds exceedingly difficult to keep up.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

COMFORT IN THE THEATRES.

IT is announced that the existing regulation forbidding "standing room" to be used in the theatres is about to be modified in order to increase the accommodation for spectators, and that a certain amount of space will be marked off on which those who are willing to stand for their money will be allowed to do so. The Theatres Committee of the County Council is said to be willing to allow this relaxation. Possibly this change is to be made to assist managers a little in their fierce struggle for existence against the Halls. To me the matter appears an indication of the unsoundness of the present system of management. The position of the managers is appalling. Rents have doubled themselves in the last twenty years, and so have salaries, and the public has been led to expect much more costly *mise-en-scène*, whilst prices remain as they were; yet we know quite well that twenty years ago theatre management showed no royal road to fortune, and those were lucky who made it pay at all. Consequently, it is easy to see that the managers—now faced by a terrific competition from a group of big, gorgeous music-halls that did

and fail in consequence. After getting to the theatre, the playgoer, unless he occupies a seat in one of the first dozen rows of the stalls, is certain to get a headache if he is at all sensitive, because a little distance above his head is the floor of the tier higher, with the natural consequence that he and a large number of people are sitting in what is equivalent to a room with a very low ceiling. Unless he has a seat near the outside, from which in most theatres the exits and a considerable portion of the theatre on one side are invisible, he must sit as still as fidgets will allow for three hours or so, or else endure agonies from self-reproach on account of the discomfort he causes in getting out of his seat in order to stretch his legs. In most of the theatres there is no gangway through the middle of the stalls, the seats are small for comfort, and not sufficiently far apart. All these facts may have little influence upon the enthusiastic amateur—or, indeed, upon the jaded playgoer if the play happens to be exceedingly interesting; but they tell severely against any work that is on the borderland between success and failure, and the physical discomfort



A PLAY BY THE PLAINTIFF IN THE "CINGALEE" CASE: ACTORS IN CAPTAIN FRASER'S COMIC OPERA, "KING FREDERICK'S OWN," PRODUCED IN BURMAH.

Captain Fraser, who is A.D.C. to the Lieutenant-Governor of Burmah, and will, in consequence, have a good deal of work to do in connection with the forthcoming Royal visit, recently produced a new comic opera in Burmah. The work is entitled "King Frederick's Own." The play and the lyrics are by Captain Fraser, and the music is by Mr. J. E. Dallas. The Rangoon papers gave unqualified praise to the production, in which amateurs only were concerned.

not exist twenty years ago—are in a position of immense difficulty. The tendency of rents and salaries is still to move upwards, and unless it stops soon the deluge will come. What service, then, to the managers will be the addition of a little standing room, the occupation of which will increase the discomfort in our theatres? During a few nights, and even a few weeks in the case of a great success, this standing room will enlarge the revenue of the managers, but the new privilege will be useless during the remainder of the play's run, for of course no one imagines that even in the case of a big success all the seats are occupied nightly for any great length of time.

To my mind, the policies of the managers are quite ill-founded. They do not distinguish between the habit of going to the theatre and the desire to see a particular play; they all work upon the theory of making their money out of one great "hit" in half-a-dozen productions. They assume that if a piece becomes the rage, enough money can be made in a few months out of it to atone for several failures. There is some truth in this: two or three plays a year enjoy such success that it is "bad form" not to have seen them, and no amount of discomfort will prevent people from crowding to the house. Nothing is done to promote a habit of theatre-going. Speaking broadly, our theatres are exceedingly uncomfortable; and this is the more remarkable seeing what a comfort-loving people we are. The phrase *le confort Anglais* still has a meaning to the French, and has been used by them for over a century. To the ordinary person who is not theatre-mad the idea of a visit to a playhouse, unless it be to see a particular piece, is decidedly unattractive. It represents a rush through dinner and the abandonment of coffee, to begin with; for it may be noticed that the system of a "curtain-raiser" followed by a *pièce de résistance* which one can get to without sacrifice of savoury and soup is going out of fashion; and plays which a little while ago would have been given in three acts are dragged out to four—

caused to the playgoer forms, without his knowledge, a very substantial element in his opinion whether a play is good or bad.

It must be remembered that a great many people do not go to the theatre on their own account, but in order to take their wives or friends or children. Small wonder that some of the music-halls, where far greater attention is paid to comfort than in most of the theatres, have appropriated a good many of those who, before it was respectable to visit the variety houses, would have gone to the theatre. It must not be assumed that the discomforts in the stalls which I have indicated exist in every theatre, or in all respects in the dress circle and upper boxes, since these seats are cut into groups by gangways, as a rule. In making these remarks I am not venturing to impute any blame; I am merely expressing the opinion of a middle-aged, middle-class Hedonist as to a policy which affects him personally very little, under peculiar circumstances, but I believe has a profound influence upon the fate of the theatres. I conceive that a playhouse which made substantial sacrifices for space in order to secure comfort for its patrons would find them patiently submitting to some diminution of splendour in *mise-en-scène*, and though during particular weeks it would hold less money, the result at the end of the year would be a considerable gain to the exchequer. The theatre of the future is a comparatively small house where great sacrifices are made for comfort, and the main piece does not begin before a quarter to nine. The heavy cost of mounting will be avoided, so that there will be no difficulty about changing the bill pretty often, the management will endeavour to get their patrons into the habit of coming to the theatre regularly, and I should not be amazed if it offers tea and coffee and iced water gratis to its clients whenever it invites them to abridge their dinners in order to come early. It is obvious that these remarks are not intended for the benefit of the enthusiastic playgoers, who, however, at present seem rather diminishing in number.

THE PATHOS OF CHRISTMASTIDE.



NOT ON HIS LIST.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

XI.—MR. MACDONALD BOSVILLE.—THORPE HALL, YORKSHIRE.

SPECIALLY WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED FOR "THE SKETCH" BY LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

THE more I see of the priceless treasures contained in our grand old English homes, the more am I impressed by thoughts of the daily and even hourly risks necessarily incurred by their owners. I allude more particularly to the danger of outbreaks of fire. Only recently the household gods in Thorpe Hall narrowly escaped such a danger. I mention this merely as a general warning to those possessing treasures and heirlooms, for in the case of Thorpe Hall the fire commenced in a way which might occur anywhere. But what astonishes me more than I can express is the almost criminal apathy of so many in having inadequate or obsolete means of putting out a fire. It was preparedness in this respect, thanks to Mr. Bosville's foresight, which enabled his son, Mr. Godfrey Bosville, and energetic men-servants to deal instantly with what might have been a calamity.

Thorpe Hall is full to overflowing with things that are rare and pleasant to the eye. The moment one enters it "gods" encompass one: china everywhere, in cabinets or on walls, and pictures by the best known artists. Perhaps the quaintest picture in the hall is that of Squire Draper, of Beswick Hall, who, we are told, "bred, fed, and hunted the staunchest pack of foxhounds in Europe in 1726." With an income of £700 per annum, he also contrived to bring up creditably eleven sons and three daughters, and keep a stable of excellent hunters, besides a carriage with horses suitable for his wife and daughters. The china here is Sèvres, Old Dresden, Chelsea and Bow as well as Crown Derby and Worcester. From here on the

left is the library, an apartment of great size. In addition to several thousand volumes around the walls, there are many valuable pictures and a lovely Adams ceiling in this room. At either end are curiously carved ivory wall letter or paper racks, having the Macdonald cypher and coronet. I must add that Thorpe was at one time the home of the Lords Macdonald, and that Mr. Macdonald Bosville, the present owner, is the direct descendant of the senior male line.

Most of the pictures, china, and objects of art were collected some time ago, and these are retended-to-day with the greatest care and affection by Mrs. Macdonald Bosville, who is herself a descendant of the Scotch Earls of Middleton, through William, brother of John, first Earl.



A FINE EXAMPLE OF CHINESE CARVING, ORNAMENTED WITH THE INITIALS OF THE SECOND BARON MACDONALD AND A CORONET.

The gallery opens out of the library and occupies the entire east end of the house. Beautifully lighted on three sides, the pictures, sculpture, china, and bijouterie show up to advantage. Masses of palms and flowers add greatly to the effect of an already charming room, and here are contained most of the household gods. It is not my object to make out a catalogue of all the Royal gifts and endless beautiful objects, but rather to give some sort of impression of the appearance of these rooms. The south windows of the house look over the grounds and ponds, and beyond these to the wood-crowned hills. To the east, the view is down the romantic beech avenue, past the old orangery; while to the north the lawns

slope gently up, till they reach the yew hedge separating the grounds from the high road to Rudstone. Around the walls of most of the rooms hang pictures of great value. There is, for instance, one by A. Ostade, of "A Dutch Peasant," which would find a welcome at the National Gallery. There are Lancret's on copper, a Rubens, two Sir Joshua Reynolds, of "Miss Wentworth" and "Miss Bosville" (afterwards Lady Dudley). Then there is the huge picture by Stroelling of "Psyche and Cupid," the model for this being the beautiful Miss Rombold.

"The Marriage of St. Catherine the Madonna" is by Van Dyck, the model here having been the Duchess d'Arenberg. This picture remained in her family till the Revolution deprived them of it. A beautiful sea-piece by Van der Velde, "The Angel of the Annunciation" by Murillo, Dutch portraits by Van der Helst, and one of Titian are but a few of the works I can mention. There are enormous Chinese vases, large Empire console-tables in marble and gilt, Chippendale chairs and Cromwell's chair, old embroideries, an old Florentine carved chest which belonged to the diplomat, Sir James Hudson, and much china. This consists of Chelsea, Crown Derby, Sèvres, Spode, and Worcester. One piece, a group of Chelsea, "The Music-Lesson," is one of five modelled by Roubillac after Watteau, and is probably worth at least a thousand pounds. The sculpture is good, notably Nollekens' copy of the Vatican Venus. This is in Skye marble, and carved in the same—the first ever obtained by Lord Macdonald in his island—is the crest of the Macdonalds, which is "a hand in armour holding a cross-crosslet, fitchée." The story of this crest is interesting, and is as follows: When the sea-pirates first attempted to attack the Island of Skye, they met with desperate resistance, and the leader consequently encouraged his men by promising the island to the first who touched the ground with his hand. Macdonald, finding himself getting left behind in his boat, took his sword, chopped off his right forearm, and threw it over the heads of his comrades, thus *first touching Skye*. In this manner did the Macdonalds obtain the island, and they adopted as their crest the forearm and hand holding the cross of the sword-hilt, with the motto, "Per mare, per terras."

In the dining-room, billiard-room, and Mrs. Bosville's boudoir are family pictures, whilst the staircase and passages and even bedrooms are filled with valuable works. It is probable that if Mr. Bosville were asked which "gods" he prizes the most, his reply would be, "The motor-cars and organ." Not only is he a very talented musician, and a one-time conductor of the Bridlington Musical Festivals, but Mrs. Bosville shares her husband's love for music and sings charmingly. And this musical talent descends to Miss Bosville, who is a violinist far above the average, her "god" being her very valuable violin. And lastly, Mr. Godfrey Bosville inherits his parents' taste for music, and this enables him to hold the proud position of Band Sergeant to the Eton College Volunteers.



SOME MAGNIFICENT CHINA, ALL OF IT (WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE THREE-CORNERED DISH STANDING BEHIND THE OPENWORK BOWL) CROWN DERBY; AND AN AMAZON.

HOUSEHOLD GODS.

XI.—MR. MACDONALD BOSVILLE.—THORPE HALL, YORKSHIRE.



1. A Gold Engine-turned Box, once the property of the King of Hanover and given by that monarch to Sir James Hudson, the diplomatist; a Gold Seal having the Bosville Crest as a handle, once owned by the third Baron Macdonald; a Gold Pencil-case which belonged to Godfrey Bosville, circa 1770; and a Mother-of-Pearl and Gilt Shell, with Gilt Lid and Crown, given by Queen Charlotte, wife of George III., to one of Mr. Macdonald Bosville's ancestors.
2. A Florentine Carved Chest, which belonged to Sir James Hudson; a Carved Oak Chair, said to have been the property of Oliver Cromwell; an Oriental Pot-pourri Jar; and a Highland Claymore worn by the third Baron Macdonald.
3. A Powder-horn served out to Lieutenant Saville Macdonald, who fought in the American War of Independence, was captured by the Americans, and employed his hours of imprisonment by carving the horn here illustrated with the Macdonald arms, etc.

4. An old French Silver-mounted Violin and Bow, made by Andreas Stasser, of Genoa—"discipulos Hieronymi Amati"—(circa 1710).
5. A Chelsea China group, "The Music Lesson," modelled by Roubillac after Watteau. Four rather similar groups exist, and are to be found in the Boston Museum, in the Schreiber collection at the Kensington Museum, in the possession of Mr. William Severin Salting, and in the collection of Sir Charles Tennant.
6. Nollekens' copy of the "Venus Accroupie" at the Vatican.
7. A Picture (called a Titian, but not by that artist, and probably intended to be a portrait of the painter), once the property of Prince Charles of Lorraine, whose seal is still on the back of it.
8. A Sèvres China Plate, bearing a finely painted "Infant Samuel."
9. A Portrait of a Burgomaster, by Bartholomeus van der Helst.

Photographs by Leonard Willoughby.

TO SEE OURSELVES —



III.—THE SCORCHER, HIS PHYSIQUE, AND HIS CALVES, AS IMAGINED BY HIMSELF.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

—AS ITHERS SEE US.



III.—THE SCORCHER AS HIS DEAREST FRIENDS FIND HIM.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE book season, which now draws to its close, has been, on the whole, pleasant and prosperous. The taste of the public for memoirs steadily grows. They sell all the better if they are decorously spiced with a little scandal. Hardly one book of this class has proved a failure, and some—notably Mr. Sichel's excellent memoir of "Emma, Lady Hamilton"—have sold by thousands. It is certain that for some years to come such books will be published in ever-growing numbers, and that means many researches among old papers and old secrets.

It is always difficult for a layman to interpret the law even as it is laid down by a Judge from the Bench. I cannot be sure that I have correctly understood Mr. Justice Kekewich's pronouncement in the lawsuit brought by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Messrs. Macmillan against Messrs. Dent. The merits of that case must be decided by various considerations, but in his words from the Bench the learned Judge seemed to say that there was no copyright in letters after the writer was dead. The possessors of the manuscript were then empowered to publish. If that be so, complications will arise. Hitherto, autograph-dealers have not regarded themselves as entitled to publish more than extracts from the letters they sold. Many hundreds of pounds have been paid to executors for the right to publish letters of the dead. Many attempts at the publication of documents which would give much pain to survivors have been frustrated through the interference of lawyers; but if I have understood Mr. Justice Kekewich rightly, and if he is right, all these things have been done in error. One consolation will be that memoir-writers will find a great hindrance to their occupation gone.

I am convinced that public men should frankly accept the consequences of their publicity—that is, they should not attempt to dwell in an atmosphere of reserve and mystery. When they do, the ultimate revenge is terrible. Take the case of D. G. Rossetti. No man was ever more jealous of his privacy, no man ever resented intrusion more keenly. His work, his life, his joys, his sorrows were for himself and his chosen friends. Since he died the veil has been rent, till one imagined that not one fragment could be left. Mr. Holman Hunt, however, has just had his say, and, if rumour may be trusted, there are others to follow.

Mr. Parnell was also fiercely sensitive as to the disclosure of his private affairs, and we know what happened. He could never have foreseen the publication of such a book as "A Patriot's Mistake: being Personal Recollections of the Parnell Family, by a Daughter of the House, Emily Monroe Dickinson." Mrs. Dickinson is Mr. Parnell's sister, and her book should have been entitled not "A Patriot's Mistake" but "A Sister's Indiscretion." She begins by saying that

the Parnell family is the most tragic of families, and certainly the narrative, if it may be trusted, bears the saying out. Mrs. Dickinson tells us in detail the story of her husband, who destroyed himself by drink; of her unsuccessful lovers, of her daughter, of her sisters and her mother, and, above all, of her brother, the Irish leader. One chapter, "Remorse," which deals with Parnell's career at Cambridge, is painful in the extreme. It is impossible to understand the motives which led to such a publication. The book is ill-judged, and unfortunate in the very highest degree.

Another and a much more favourable view of Parnell is given in "The Recollections of William O'Brien" (Macmillan). Mr. O'Brien has unmistakable gifts of style. The Irish are born journalists. They can write with passion, and there is always a current and a breeze in their articles. Mr. O'Brien's story ends with 1883, so there is much to come. It is in large part the story of three years, including the Kilmainham episode and the varying fortunes of *United Ireland*. It is not my business to test the accuracy of Mr. O'Brien's representations. Suffice it to say that it is worth while to understand him, and he knows how to state his case. To many the most attractive part of the book is that outside politics—the history of Mr. O'Brien's efforts after self-culture and his gradual success as a journalist and a man of letters. His own view of his editorial career is summed up in the sentences: "The writings of *United Ireland* purported only to be to literature what a bugle-charge in the midst of the battle is to music. The bugle-charge at least was heard in every corner of the island, and set the heart's blood of the young and brave a-tingling in an entirely satisfactory manner."

Mrs. Grant Richards has published an attractive little book, entitled "Letters, Hitherto Unpublished, Written by Members of Sir Walter Scott's Family to their old Governess, edited, with an introduction and notes, by the Warden of Wadham College, Oxford." This book has

more importance than the casual reader might think. We know very little of Scott's family, and here they are represented by affectionate letters to a lady who was for years their teacher. Lockhart's beautiful tribute to his wife is well known. Her own letters as published here are commonplace but kindly. There is more colour and life in the letters from Anne Scott, who writes with something of her mother's spirit. Anne's heart was broken by the illness and death of her father, and she did not long survive him. Some two years before her death, she writes: "By the way, I must tell you, my dear Miss Millar, that after mature deliberation I rejected my little—. But he has got over it, and is going to be married, which I am glad of, to a lady with a great deal of money, which I found afterwards would be very necessary. So I am sure it will be all for the best. I need not say don't mention this." o. o.



AN UNFORTUNATE MORNING CALL.

Short-tempered and Superior Servant (who has already opened the door to at least half-a-dozen canvassers):
"Now, then, young man, what are you? Shakspeare in monthly parts, or washing-machines on the hire system?"



WEEK-END PAPERS



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

The Otter's Seal. The other afternoon, being in the heart of the Sussex country, not far from a very beautiful river, I came upon certain foot-prints, as unexpected as those of the cannibals that startled the late Robinson Crusoe. It was what they call in the North a "soft" morning, and tracks were clear upon the

yielding earth, but for a few moments the mark of five toes and the centre ball of a foot puzzled me considerably. I made my way to a farmhouse, and entered into conversation with its owner or tenant. We discussed agriculture and corn laws and other matters of a similar sort, and then I asked him quite casually if he had been troubled lately by foxes. Forthwith he told me a tale of woe. Several times in the past few days he had lost poultry, and at lambing time he often lost a lamb or two. The hunt gave little or no

can handle a gun. The wild-cat, too, is almost extinct. I believe a few still linger in the deer forests of Caithness and Sutherlandshire, and I know there is a clause in some Highland shooting leases that seeks to ensure their preservation. Of course, the wild-cat is the most fierce beast in these islands, and can do a great deal of damage, killing young lambs, and perhaps fawns too, to say nothing of hares and rabbits by the dozen, and birds of every shape and size.

Disappearing Birds. The golden eagle is another bird that is passing from these islands, although he, too, is protected as far as is possible by some of the great Northern landowners. Unfortunately, the range of these birds is so wide, the rate of their flight so high, that a Highland eagle can, if it seem good to him, cross the Tweed in search of his mid-day dinner, and yet find time to get back to his own eyrie by sundown. You may preserve a bird in your own county, although that is difficult enough, but when he can travel over several counties in the course of a few hours, his chances do not count for much. The only good that preservation does is to secure comparative safety for eggs and young ones. But the golden eagle tends to disappear, and I believe it is only in the Shetlands that you may hope to meet with more than one specimen at a time. The old fable about these birds carrying children away to their nests is firmly believed in many parts of the Highlands to this day; and if you are prepared to accept all that you are told, you will find plenty of old women of either sex to assure you that even though they themselves have not lost any children this way, they knew somebody who had a friend who did.

A Plea for the Raven.

But if it may be objected that badger, pine-marten, wild-cat, and golden eagle do a great deal of harm to farmers, what can be seriously urged against the raven? Surely he is the most intelligent bird that ever grew reconciled to captivity, and the harm that a raven does is not worth mentioning. He lives for the greater part of his time upon carrion, and in the few districts where he is allowed to live in peace, finds many of his meals where sportsmen have passed and left unretrieved game. He is devoted to his wife and children, he never grows old, and if he has not got a distinct language of his own, I never met a bird that gave more appearance of having one.



THE ELEPHANT'S SUBSTITUTE FOR FACE-MASKS AND THEIR KINDRED: RUBBING OIL INTO JUMBO'S SKIN TO KEEP IT SOFT AND PLIABLE.

Photograph by J. R. Schmidt.

satisfaction, and if he were a shooting-man, he felt he would often take the law into his own hands. I listened with all sympathy, and went away with my previous suspicions confirmed. The old man's trouble, in all probability, did not come from foxes at all. Some otter was bothering him. Although many of these rare and fascinating animals live and thrive in the South country, their work is seldom recognised.

His Winter Habits. So far as I can tell, many otters go down to the sea in winter, where they can find a fair amount of acceptable food. Some few, on the other hand, remain near their native river, and when the weather becomes severe, and they cannot find fish, they go on to the land, and hunt after the fashion of foxes. I am inclined to believe that the fox must endure responsibility for many sins that he does not commit, and that the otter's depredations are by no means limited to the riverside. It is a curious fact, but one not to be contradicted, that the burden of blame falls often upon innocent parties. Partridges do some of the harm to young crops for which rooks are persecuted. Nightingales are as mischievous in orchards as blackbirds, while even the little dormouse is said by some observers to climb trees in pursuit of cherries. Unhappily for the innocent parties, a little prejudice is all that is required to make the life of bird or beast unendurable, and many country folk have formed a habit of seeing just as much as they expect to see and no more.

The Slaughter of the Innocents.

Persecution of our wild life tends to increase in these days of ever-widening facilities for sportsmen, and if it were not for the special care taken by a few enlightened landowners, many beasts and birds would become extinct in our generation. Few animals are more intelligent and interesting than the badger. He does very little harm, and even if he does eat bird's-eggs, he reduces the number of wasps by eating their larvæ wherever he finds them. Yet we owe his preservation to-day almost entirely to private care. The beautiful pine-marten can only exist at his ease in well-wooded districts that are seldom disturbed, and save in deer-forests he is hardly likely to enjoy long life. Elsewhere he is supposed to be the proper mark of every fool who



THE GENTLE ART OF CHIROPODY: TRIMMING AN ELEPHANT'S NAILS WITH A FILE AND SAW.

Photograph by J. R. Schmidt.

He must be a very senseless brute who would point his gun at a raven; yet, as you go from one part of the country to another and ask old countrymen or gamekeepers about the raven, you are often told that the bird was fairly common forty or fifty years ago, but is never seen now. It is to be feared that the ignorance of gamekeepers as a class is responsible for the disappearance of many forms of life that made our woodlands attractive to the naturalist.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF AN AMERICAN GIRL.

By ELIZABETH BANKS.

London, December—, 19—

THE fog outside is black as night and thick as treacle. How I hate London in December! Yet I have spent these many Decembers here.

I have been asking myself *why*, all this dismal afternoon. I am not of this city nor of this people. I am a thing apart, a foreign devil—an American woman in London.

To be sure, there is Dick; and what a tragi-comedy this engagement of ours has been: a succession of quarrels—on to-day, off to-morrow, and then a “making-up.” He says the makings-up are worth the quarrels.

He proposed to me in the midst of a dispute about the merits of our respective countries. He brought up the old “soap-dish” story—how we Americans always have our plates surrounded with nine little oval soap-dishes containing nine different kinds of vegetables.

I got angry about it, and then he asked me to marry him.

“And disgrace you by laying your table with soap-dishes?” I retorted.

“But you will not do that,” he said kindly, yet decidedly. “You will fall naturally into English ways and customs. I am sure you will learn to conform.”

I was to conform! That is the English of it. Why should he not conform to me and my American ways? I would have to do the adapting—he couldn’t.

But I did not take warning, and we kissed.

Oh, the memories of the bitter, and the sweet!

Last night I said, “Dick, it is impossible. The women of my land and the men of yours should never mate.”

He is gone, but the room is full of him. The vases on the mantel hold his roses. Their odour sickens me. Here is the ash-tray I gave him. The grey stuff is still in it. I cannot bear to empty it. Here on the table is the copy of Longfellow he gave me, saying it was not bad, *though* American, and written on the fly-leaf in his big, bold hand: “To Eleanor, on her birthday, from Dick.”

We did not quarrel on that day. It was the only day. In the morning we went to Hampton Court. In the evening we sat by the fire, Dick reading aloud to me “The Song of Hiawatha.”

We quarrelled twice as hard the next day to make up for the Day of Peace. We disagreed about everything, and have been disagreeing ever since, and now it is all over.

But the room is full of Dick.

I have thrown the roses into the dustbin and broken the vases that held them. I have washed the ash-tray and given it to the porter. I have torn off the covers of Longfellow, and burned “The Song of Hiawatha.”

And I have begun to pack.

I am going home—home to my own land, my own people, where women do not have to “conform.” If there is any conforming to be done, it is done by the men.

New York, May —, 19—.

Billy wants me to marry him. He proposed in the most absurd way. Being a lawyer, he has got into the habit of thinking of persons as “parties,” and he asked me if I would be his “party of the first part in a life brief!”

I explained to him that he meant “party of the second part,” but he said I had got that impression from having lived in England, where the women are the second part and the men the first. He left it to me if it wasn’t so, but I didn’t answer. I was just then thinking about Dick and what he said about my learning to “conform.” Billy doesn’t know anything about Dick.

I wish Billy would wear a high hat. He’s such a fine figure of a man that I cannot help thinking how distinguished he would look dressed like the Englishmen I used to know. I hate Billy’s derby, but I haven’t told him so yet.

From the very beginning of our acquaintance Billy has been a source of delight—especially after my long experience of Englishmen who never sent me a flower or a box of candies or took me to the theatre, though they would drink my expensive tea with real cream and eat my American layer cake. Dick was just like that till we got engaged, and then nobody could have been more attentive than he. During the months of our acquaintanceship I used to wonder why he never sent me a flower, and after we got engaged I asked him about it. He said that in England the sending of flowers was a bit of sentiment—a man indulged in only when he was in love, and that although he had loved me during those months, he had not told me so, and he could not venture to send flowers.

Billy took me out to dinner the second week of our acquaintance, and a half hour before he called he sent a dozen pink roses. At first it was rather a shock to me—I had got so English in my ideas that I thought the roses were a declaration; but then I suddenly remembered this delightful way of American men, and when Billy called I was wearing the roses. After that he always either sent roses or bought some on the way as we went to dinner or the theatre,

Billy’s sister invited me to her home to dinner the other evening. It all seemed rather queer to me—three children under fifteen sitting at the table and actually taking part in the conversation. In England they would have been abed. I know Billy thought it was all right, for going home he asked me if I didn’t think Nell had “three of the smartest kids going”; and when I asked if she always had them at the table, he didn’t seem to know what I meant.

I have been wondering, if I should marry Billy, would he want the children at the table? I really never could conform—There he is!

New York, September —, 19—.

Dick says in his letter that he is waiting for me to “come to my senses, find myself, and return to England.” His assurance fairly enrages me. He says not a single word about having been wrong himself. He makes no apologies, but asks if, after my several months’ visit here, with time to think and consider, I have not found I was a bit too hot-headed. He adds that he loves me, as always, and that his chief desire is to make me happy.

I cannot remember that Dick ever found himself in the wrong. So different from Billy; he is always asking me to forgive him when we quarrel, calls himself names, and says he wants me to have things my way, and that he’ll make his ways my ways. I sometimes think if Billy would only have a mind of his own in things where we disagree—

A messenger-boy from Billy, with letter enclosing the theatre-tickets, and telling me to take Aunt Jane, as he finds at the last minute he cannot go—has a chance to make five hundred dollars this evening—will call me up on the telephone to-morrow morning.

I have so looked forward to enjoying that play with Billy and talking it over with him. It would do him a lot of good. What if he can make five hundred dollars? Is there nothing in the world but money? Can it be true that all American men, Billy included, are mere money-grabbers, as the English assert?

Next Morning.

Another messenger-boy from Billy. He has spent the whole five hundred on that old French print I told him about. Certainly I never dreamed of possessing the picture. I only happened to tell him I had seen it, and I suppose I grew rather enthusiastic in explaining to him the proofs of its genuineness.

Oh, Billy! Billy!! Billy!!!

New York, November—

I have been flat-hunting. It seemed strange to go alone, but Billy said he hadn’t time, and anything I liked, he’d like. In London Dick and I hunted flats together. Several times he just looked in the hall and called to me, “Don’t bother to come farther. I see it won’t do. Not large enough!” “But, Dick,” I would say, “if you will wait while I look, I might see how we could manage.” “Dear, no,” Dick would answer. “We should be most uncomfortable here, I assure you,” and away we’d go, without my having seen it. Somehow, I didn’t like it. I felt that I was being treated like a child. But Dick and I did look at a few flats together, and we would plan the rooms and where we’d put the furniture, and that was delightful.

But Billy’s always so busy.

November 20.

I said to Billy last night, “Now, Billy, let’s talk about the allowances.”

“What allowances?” asked Billy.

“What I’m to have for clothes, and what for housekeeping, and all that.”

“Great Scott, I don’t want to allowance you!” exclaimed Billy. “When we get married, with all my worldly goods I thee endow. When you want money, little girl, you just ask for it. If I’ve got it, you may be sure you’ll have it. I don’t believe in allowances. Why, my brother-in-law started it with Nell, but they never could keep things straight, and he was always giving her more, anyway.”

Now, when Dick and I became engaged, Dick said, “Eleanor, I can allow you one hundred and thirty pounds a year for pin-money for the first year or two. If things go on as I hope, I shall be able to let you have an increase.”

Was that too business-like, I wonder? But suppose Billy should not have the money when I asked for it, or suppose he should, in mistaken kindness, hurt himself in a business way in order to buy me a new dress? And it doesn’t seem as if I ever could ask. But we are not to be married before spring; there’s plenty of time to think things over, and—

December 1.

Billy’s just gone. I apologised for being unreasonable yesterday. He kissed me and said he was the one that was unreasonable. Billy’s the dearest thing about giving in. He always wipes his forehead and says, “Life’s too short—have it your own way!” Still, if Billy would only sometimes, perhaps—

If here isn’t another letter from Dick in answer to the awful one I wrote him! He merely says, “Again I command you to find yourself!”

He commands!

“Find myself”—ah! I stretch out my hands into the darkness to find my heart, hybrid that I am!

Oh, Dick!

Oh, Billy!

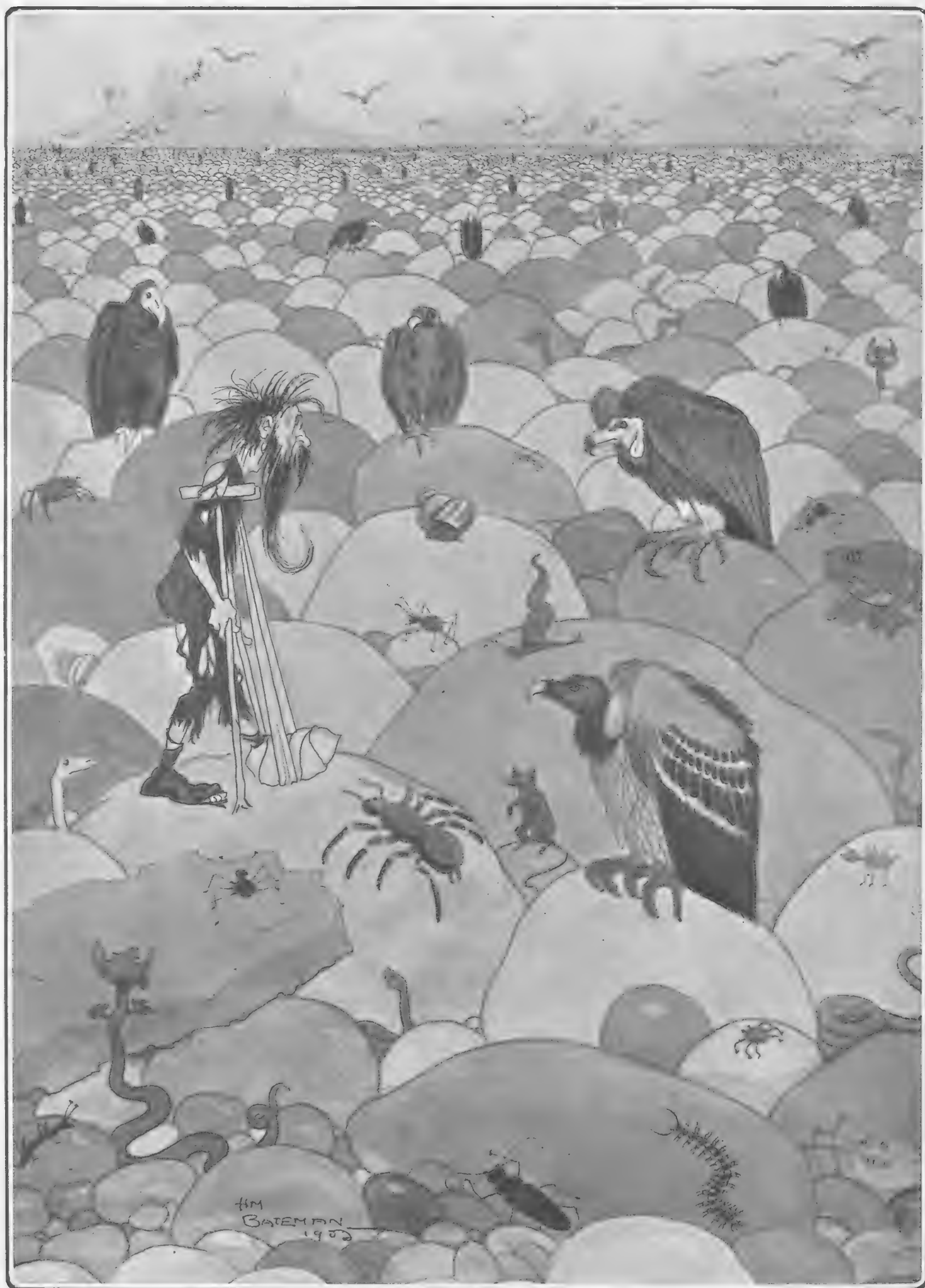
THE END.

A HINT TO PANTOMIME PRINCES.



PRINCE CHARMING (who has slain the Immortal Ogre, defeated the Grisly Dragon, killed the Unkillable Giant, swum the Unswimmable Moat, and scaled the Unscalable Castle): Great jumping Jerusalem! I'm geewhizzed if I haven't rescued my oyn wife!

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD.



VII.—THE OBSESSION OF THE EXPLORER.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WHILE London must always wait until Christmas Eve or Boxing Day for its pantomimes, many important cities have been anticipating the holiday season for the past ten days and more. As usual, of course, the familiar nursery stories are used as the basis of the productions, for few people are bold enough to attempt any departure from custom. Within the London area the race

Hammersmith, "Dick Whittington"; Marlborough, "The Forty Thieves"; New Prince's, Poplar, "Beauty and the Beast"; New Theatre Royal, Croydon, "Jack the Giant-Killer" for a fortnight and "Red Riding-Hood" for a fortnight; Opera House, Crouch End, "Red Riding-Hood"; Richmond, "Goody Two Shoes"; Shakspeare, "The Forty Thieves"; West London, "Red Riding-Hood."

Analysing the subjects, it will be seen that "Cinderella," including a scene of that name at the Coliseum, will be at five theatres; "Red Riding-Hood" and "The Forty Thieves" at four; "Dick Whittington" at three; "Sinbad the Sailor" and "Puss in Boots" at two; "Goody Two Shoes," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Robinson Crusoe," "Beauty and the Beast," and "The Babes in the Wood" at one.

Although there is a popular belief that it is almost impossible to get a theatre in London at short notice, the fact remains that when a recognised actor-manager is homeless, means are somehow forthcoming by which he can be accommodated. Mr. Cyril Maude furnishes the latest example. When the unfortunate accident which wrecked the Playhouse seemed also to wreck the prospect of his appearing in London at the contemplated date, circumstances were forming themselves to bring his desired ends to fruition. A very advantageous engagement has been offered to him and Mrs. Maude at the Waldorf, and the programme which was arranged for the Playhouse will be given at Messrs. Shubert's theatre, which, only a little while ago, offered its hospitality to Mr. Tree when an accident drove him out of his own theatre. Mr. Maude is to remain at the Waldorf on a salary and a large percentage of the profits until the end of the season, with a further option on the Messrs. Shubert's part, in case the Playhouse is not built, to re-engage him for a further year. Mr. Maude's opening bill, in conjunction with Messrs. Shubert, will be made up of Mr. Knoblauch's adaptation of "Asile de Nuit," "The Particular Pet," and a new comedy in three acts by Mr. Sidney Bowkett, in which both Mr. Maude and Miss Emery will act.

When, at the end of the week, another new and beautiful theatre is added to London's palaces of entertainment, by the opening of the Aldwych on Saturday evening, Mr. Seymour Hicks will have reason to be a proud man, though perhaps not quite so proud as when he next appears in another place, and in a theatre bearing his own name. He is now added to the short list of actor-proprietors, and is practically the only one in London who owns a theatre ostensibly devoted to the lighter form of entertainment.

The opening bill will be a new edition of "Bluebell in Fairyland," so that there is no possible question about the theatre being christened with success. Miss Ellaline Terriss will, it need hardly be said, be there to lend the charm of her presence to the part she originally played, while Mr. Hicks will still be the Crossing Sweeper and the Sleepy King. Other parts will be played by Mr. J. C. Buckstone, Miss Sidney Fairbrother, Miss Maudie Darrell, and Miss Dorothy Frostick. Miss Topsy Sinden, probably the most distinctive and stimulating English dancer on the stage, will be the Titania.



A WELCOME RETURN TO THE LONDON STAGE: MISS CECILIA LOFTUS, WHO IS TAKING MISS NINA BOUCICAULT'S PLACE AS PETER PAN IN THE REVIVAL OF THE PLAY OF THAT NAME AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Miss Loftus, whose work in America has necessitated her absence from the English stage for too long a period, is playing Peter Pan in Mr. Barrie's play, which was revived at the Duke of York's yesterday (Tuesday) evening.

Photograph by Lafayette

for popularity has been between "Cinderella," "The Forty Thieves," and "Red Riding Hood," with the beautiful girl who left the kitchen to adorn a palace as the winner.

Among the twenty-odd West End and suburban theatres which are devoting themselves especially to holiday entertainments, we have "Cinderella" at Drury Lane, with Mr. Walter Passmore, Mr. Harry Randall, Mr. Harry Fragson, Mr. Arthur Williams, Miss Queenie Leighton, Miss Pollie Emery, and Miss May de Sousa in the principal parts; at the Gaiety, on New Year's Day, Mr. George Grossmith junior's adaptation of "Two Naughty Boys," with Mr. Edmund Payne and Mr. Sidney Ellison, will be produced; and at the Waldorf will be "Noah's Ark," for matinées only, beginning on the Saturday in Christmas week, with Mr. Harry Paulton, Mr. Herbert Sparling, Miss Agnes Thomas, and Miss Madge Lessing in the chief characters.

At the Great Queen Street Theatre the pantomime will be "Aschenbroedel," the German equivalent of "Cinderella." In this, in contradistinction to our own productions, stress will, as in Germany, be laid not on spectacular and scenic effects, but on the acting and on what may be regarded as the humanity of the story. The play being essentially designed to appeal to children, the actors never forget that they are playing for the little ones, and exert themselves accordingly, so that their audience may take home with them memories which will remain with them for a long time. "Aschenbroedel" will be produced to-morrow evening, and will run until Jan. 3. The chief characters will be played by Miss Russ, Miss Weiss, Miss Eggert, Miss Becker, Mr. Krauss, Mr. Klein, Mr. Wiburger, Mr. Starnburg, and Mr. Baselt.

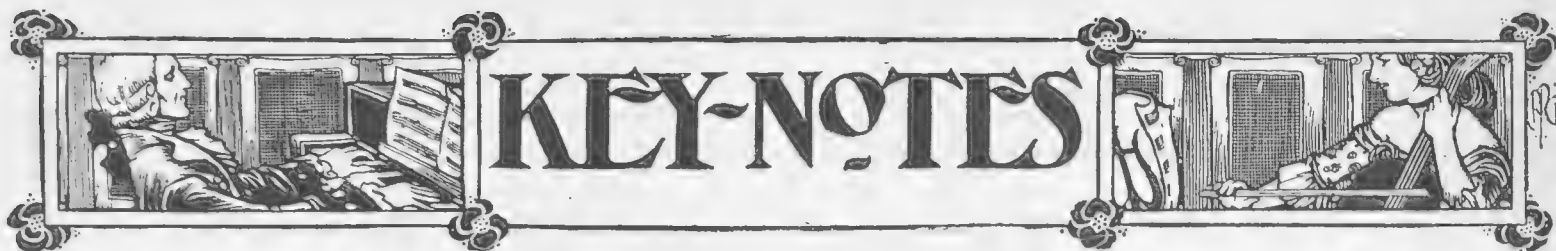
At the suburban theatres the pantomimes will be as follows: Alexandra, Stoke Newington, "The Forty Thieves"; the Borough, Stratford, "Cinderella"; the Broadway, New Cross, "Puss in Boots"; the Camden, "Babes in the Wood"; the County, Kingston-on-Thames, "Sinbad the Sailor"; Coronet, "Cinderella"; Crown, Peckham, "Dick Whittington"; Elephant and Castle, "Robinson Crusoe"; Fulham, "Red Riding-Hood"; Grand, Croydon, "Puss in Boots"; Grand, Islington, "Sinbad the Sailor"; Grand, Woolwich, "The Forty Thieves"; Kennington, "Dick Whittington"; King's,



SUGAR QUEEN AND DANCER: MISS MARION WINCHESTER, WHO JOINED THE CAST OF "THE SPRING CHICKEN" ON SATURDAY LAST.

The well-known American dancer, Miss Marion Winchester, who made her first appearance in "The Spring Chicken" on Saturday of last week, is known to many not only as a worshipper of Terpsichore, but as one who has speculated with much success. She plunged in sugar in Paris last winter, and is believed to have made a large fortune.

Photograph by Reutlinger.



THE London Choral Society is very busy with its work just now, and it amply justifies its own industry. The other night the members of the Society gave, at the Queen's Hall, a performance of Brahms' "German Requiem," under Mr. Arthur Fagge's bâton. Brahms was unmistakably a musician who, with all his profound thought and learning, dwelt upon the gloomy issues of life, and was so determined to be taken seriously that he very rarely looked upon the bright side of music. The "German Requiem" showed him in this particular capacity at the highest point of his musical achievement. He did not deal with what is commonly known as the "Requiem Mass," a selection of words which has been treated by Palestrina, Verdi, Mozart, and a host of other composers. He deals with the attitude which does not anticipate any future for the dead, but which consigns them reverently to rest. Brahms in music reminds one singularly of Huxley in science; each seems to deny the probability of the ultimate future of things, while each recognises just the possibility of an ultimate future. Brahms worked his way from the very beginning of music to the most careful elaboration of his art, even as Huxley worked his way from the Amœba to the culmination of human development, in both his books and his lectures.

Miss Gleeson-White and Mr. Kennerley Rumford sang the solo parts of the "Requiem," and the chorus was exceedingly good. Mr. Rumford was also responsible for the interpretation of the "Four Serious Songs" by Brahms, which he sang with much musical fervour.

Mr. Karl Klein gave a Violin Recital of considerable interest at the Bechstein Hall the other day. Mr. Klein's work is masterly, and finely assured in the sense that he appeals quite simply and directly to his audience. His programme, however, was not altogether well chosen.

We are not among those who admire Mr. Wilhelmj's various violin settings of well-known compositions: when musicians write for the orchestra, they are not in the habit of thinking about any particular instrument. But Mr. Wilhelmj has a passion for violin arrangements, and in the "Introduction, Thème, and Variations" by Paganini "arranged" by the same musician, Mr. Klein was exceedingly successful. He was, however, much more artistic in his rendering of Bach's Prelude in E. The work is extremely difficult, but it very often appeals to an excellent violinist just on account of its technical difficulties. But Bach did not write altogether in order to show the depth and height of his technical powers; it is certain that every score which issued from his pen was distinguished by an undercurrent of beauty which can be interpreted only by men of subtle and careful study of the art. Mr. Klein proved so much by his rendering of this Prelude. Miss Hilda de Angelis sang, on the occasion of this concert, exceedingly well and with a finely self-confident manner.

At the Æolian Hall, the other day, Miss Ada Wright gave a pianoforte recital of considerable interest. Her programme was very varied, but her musical versatility showed that she was quite capable of carrying out that programme with good artistic results. In her Chopin-playing she was perhaps not altogether ideal, although her work in connection with the Polish pianist's compositions showed much conscientiousness, and proved also that she had industriously laboured over the pages of a pianist and composer who invariably wrote for himself and for nobody else. The fact that here and there he finds a perfect interpreter, as is the case of M. Pachmann, seems almost to be accidental. In certain solos by Brahms, however, Miss

Wright played extremely well; she showed us the dignified and important element of Brahms' character; indeed, it is very seldom that Brahms is realised so thoroughly and with that combination of composure and dignity which his works always demand. Mr. Ivimey sang some old, but noble songs by Harry Lawes and Purcell with much spirit, and with a great deal of insight into the period in which those two fine composers were at work.

It would appear from the reports which have been sent abroad in connection with Sir Edward Elgar's recent lecture concerning modern musical criticism in England, which was given at the Birmingham University, that the lecturer has been misunderstood, and therefore certainly mis-reported. Sir Edward Elgar spoke of the "shady side" of musical criticism. He may know—though the present writer certainly himself does not know—of that shady side. There was a time, of course, when musical criticism in England was at a very low ebb; it was the time when anybody was thought good enough to send in what were sarcastically called "reports" on musical productions. There came another time when it was considered the right

thing to describe in extremely technical terms such a commonplace thing in music as the resolution of the tonic to the dominant. Later on there arose a school, largely through the influence of the author of "Man and Superman," which, perfectly equipped with technical knowledge, chose to drop technical speech and to write upon a somewhat higher scale, and with a really æsthetic feeling in view. Of this latter class Sir Edward Elgar made no mention; he merely referred to what one may call musical reporters, and though his speech has not yet been given entirely to the public, one feels convinced that the exception which he made has proved the rule of the higher side of modern criticism. Elgar himself has been welcomed by that better class of critics more generously by far than Mozart was welcomed in his own time, or than Wagner was welcomed even so far back as 1870. There is, therefore, no real quarrel abroad, and, in Biblical language, "Peace and Charity have kissed one another."

COMMON CHORD.

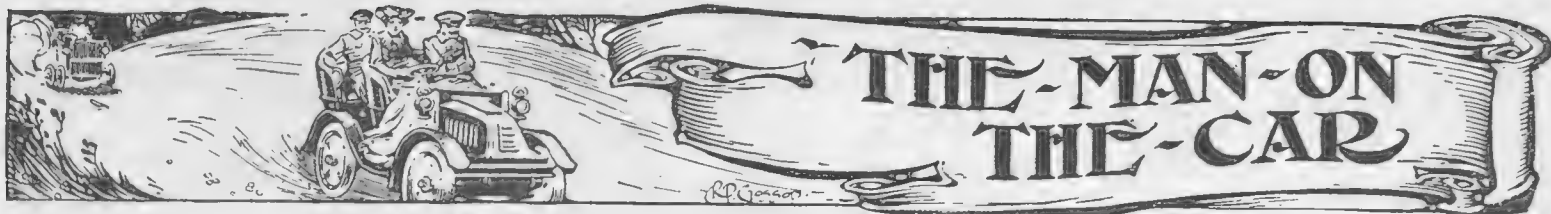


Harold (singing): 'Ark the 'erald Angels sing—

Lizzie (interrupting): 'Arold, why don't yer sound yer haiches?

Harold (with rightful scorn): 'Ow can I, when I 'aint got no music?

DRAWN BY HARRY MAY HEMSLEY.



DETAIL IMPROVEMENTS ONLY AT THE SALON—THE ABOLITION OF THE GEAR-BOX—FRENCH AND ENGLISH CARROSSERIES ON A PAR—
ENGLISH INITIATIVE—WHAT WILL BURNS DO?—THE POLICE ORPHANAGE LOSES £100—HOODED CARS.

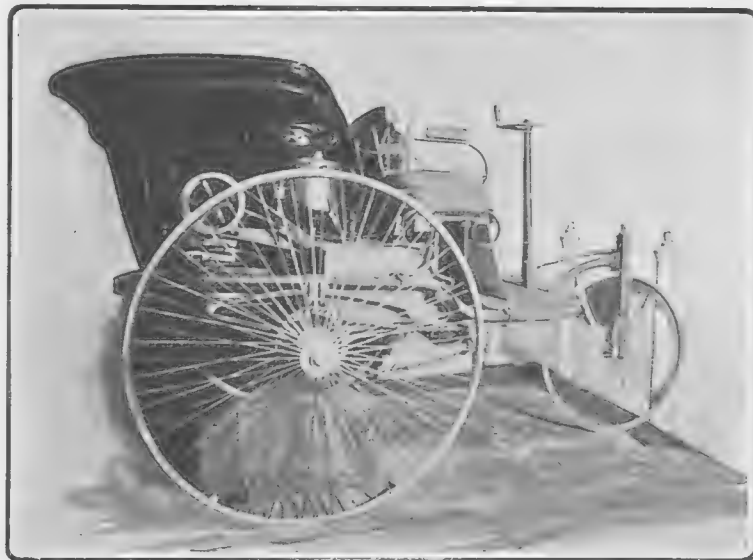
AS I suggested in these columns last week, the Automobile Salon in the Grand Palais des Industries in the Champs Elysées has shown us nothing calculated to inspire anything more than mild admiration, except the illuminative decoration, of which more anon. The roof of the Grand Nef did not shelter, nor did the walls of the huge saloons enclose, one mechanical device which could be said to point to anything approaching a departure in the present rapidly standardising design of the modern automobile. There were whispers of a rotary internal explosion engine, but though I searched the nethermost courts, no sign was given of any such innovation.

The Salon of 1905 will be held remarkable for nothing more than was our Olympia Exhibition a few weeks since—a decided all-round improvement in detail and some drop in prices. In a few instances a tendency is shown either to carry the gear-box right back to the differential gear-case or to abolish change-speed gears and drive direct upon all ratios. This was very cleverly done in respect to the Pelain car, of which a model differing very widely from that exhibited at Olympia was staged. In one or two other cases the gear-box was shifted forward and made one with or part of the crank-chamber. But the huge majority of petrol-car manufacturers stick to the modern form of the Panhard *train baladeur*.

As at Olympia, the covered body was very largely in evidence; indeed, it was an exception to find open bodies on any of the stands. Single or double landaulettes or the single or double limousines were most prevalent, some of the latter almost presenting the appearance of short, highly luxurious private railway-cars mounted on an automobile frame. There is, I understand, a very considerable demand for this form of body in Paris, wealthy Frenchmen and Americans preferring so to travel backwards and forwards from Paris to the country-houses and down to the Riviera rather than take train. I should like to say, right here, as our American cousins put it when they desire to be something more than emphatic, that the once-vaunted superiority of the French automobile-body builder is a thing of the past. I saw no *carrosserie* at the Salon which in design, execution, and finish surpassed the work of Messrs. Morgan and Co., of 10, Old Bond Street; Messrs. W. and T. Thorn, of Great Portland Street; Messrs. Charles S. Windover and Co., Limited, and Messrs. Aldford and Alder, all exhibited at Olympia.

One of the leading lights of the automobile industry in this country—there is no need to refer to him by name—has never ceased

If the present Ministry remain in power after the forthcoming General Election, it will be interesting to note the attitude which will be then taken up by the Local Government Board under the presidency of Mr. John Burns. The Battersea tribune is said to hold the opinion that no man's income should exceed £500 per annum, and if he has been correctly reported, then he must hold that



WHEN THE MAN WITH THE RED FLAG WALKED IN FRONT: A BENZ MOTOR-CAR OF 1888, SHOWN AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

Photograph by "Topical."

ownership of private automobiles is altogether out of the question, for an income of that amount and the upkeep of a reasonably powered car cannot march together. What the skilled workmen who are now finding constant and well-paid employment in the motor works which are increasing so rapidly will say should their reputed champion adopt an attitude likely to restrict the motor-car output in this country remains to be seen.

That automobilists should devote moneys hitherto allocated to charities in police-persecuted districts to the payment of their fines has been advocated more than once; and the manner in which that keen motorist, Sir Archibald Macdonald, put precept into practice the other day is to be commended. Sir Archibald is a Surrey J.P., and as such was approached by Mr. George Cave, the treasurer of the Provincial Police Orphanage, touching a subscription to a sanatorium fund or the pension and building fund of that institution. Sir Archibald replied that nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to enclose his cheque for £100 towards these funds, but to his great regret he was unable to do so owing to the constant and systematic persecution of motorists within the districts benefited by the scheme.

In the circular accompanying Mr. Cave's letter to Sir Archibald, the number of orphans was put at ninety-seven, and this number, Sir Archibald suggested, could in all probability be considerably reduced in future if the fathers, who were presumably all policemen, were not compelled to spend most of their time concealed by damp foliage and hidden in wet ditches, wasting their energies in working "police-traps," to the annoyance and expense of motorists in general, of whom, he, Sir Archibald, was a proved supporter.

If a man is to drive his own car, it is clear it must not be fitted with a landaulet or limousine body, but must partake of the sporting nature of an open car. Consequently the only weather protection it can bear is the Cape-cart hood, in the design of which, for motor-cars, much progress and ingenuity have been shown of late. Efforts are being made to do away with the double set of radiating hoops and forming the hood in such a way that it reaches forward from the foremost hoop sufficiently far to give fair protection to the occupants of the front seat. But even when the front part runs forward to the driver's sight-line, some further protection is required above the dashboard if the front sitters are to be kept comfortably dry when running into driving rain.

A glass screen which meets the hood affords this protection well enough; but a glass screen is more or less a permanent fixture, and is not to everyone's taste. What is wanted is a waterproof canvas apron-piece which can be clipped to the hood-hoop and to the dashboard, has a plaque of mica or celluloid let into it for visual purposes, and is made with big side-flaps which will clip back on to the car and the sides of the forward hood-hoop.



GERMANY'S FIRST AUTOMOBILE: HERR GOTTLIEB DAIMLER'S PHAETON-MOTOR-CAR, CONSTRUCTED IN 1888.

The first motor-car known to Germany was made by Herr Gottlieb Daimler, who fixed a $1\frac{1}{2}$ horse-power benzine motor into an ordinary phaeton. Our photograph shows the inventor in his car, accompanied by his son, Adolf Daimler, who is driving. The motor-car is now in the Munich Museum.

Photograph by Schmal.

to insist that, apart from the fundamental forms, England, since she began to tackle the construction of the automobile in earnest, has done most of the originating. The six-cylinder engine and live axle-drive for high-powered cars are always instanced, and during my tour of the Paris Show I found the Arrol-Johnston and Dennis examples of spring-drives followed in more than one instance.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

MR. JOHN BURNS, A RACING TIPSTER, AND A SET OF TIPS—RACE-CARDS—MR. JOHN PORTER AND THE NEWBURY RACECOURSE.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BURNS, President of the Local Government Board, is a good cricket-player, but he does not believe in racing. Mr. Burns has, however, been on a race-course at least once during his lifetime. It was, if I am not at fault, on the opening day of the Hurst Park Meeting, and it came about in this way. Mr. Burns, with a colleague on the London County Council, had occasion to pay a business visit to Hampton, where they met a crowd of sports making their way to Molesey Hurst, and Mr. Burns's friend suggested that they should just stroll round the course to see how a Metropolitan race-meeting was conducted. On getting on to the course the first thing that attracted their attention was a crowd assembled outside the rings listening intently to the harangue of a tipster. Curiosity led them to the fringe of the crowd, and they had not been there long before the tipster espied Mr. Burns, and going straight for him, said in his most charming tones, "I know you neither drink nor smoke, and I don't think you bet, but you must have one of my cards," and, suiting the action to the words, put one of his tickets into Mr. Burns's coat-pocket. The pair left the crowd immediately, but I believe Mr. Burns's friend had the curiosity to test the card at the end of the day by comparison only, and found that it had contained three winners out of five selections. I believe I am right in saying that the tipster was one of Mr. Burns's constituents, although the latter did not know this. Many years ago, a friend very kindly gave me a ticket for the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery to hear the Derby Day debate—the only time, by-the-by, that I have been in the House of Commons. While I was talking with a friend in the gallery Mr. Burns came along, and my friend introduced me. The Member for Battersea showed me all that there was to see, and then we went out on to the Terrace. We had not been there more than a minute when the electric bells began to ring, just as they do when the "off" is proclaimed in the stands at Newmarket. Mr. Burns did not stand upon ceremony; he flew away with the speed of a shot from a gun, and I did not see any more of him. I was told afterwards this was the division-bell; anyway, it was fine fun for me—quite the best item in the afternoon's entertainment. I know Mr. Burns is opposed to speculation in all forms, but he is a great believer in healthy amusements for the people, and he is, in my opinion, a jolly, nice man.

I believe it was my old colleague, the late Phil May, who perpetrated the following joke in reference to the blank space left in one of the pages of most evening papers. "Bill: What's that left like that for, Bob? Bob: For them as can't read, in course." I have often noticed racegoers using the space referred to, to make notes on, which, by-the-by, is not half a bad one. However, I think that plenty of spare space should be left on race-cards for the purpose. Just now the Manchester programme takes first place for all-round utility. Sandown comes next, and

Lingfield third. I should add that the Sandown people were the first to produce their cards on modern lines, and to wire-bind them. I believe they issue programmes on white satin for some members of Royalty attending these meetings. Some of the enterprising clerks of courses print a number of advertisements on the back of their race-cards. This is notable in the case of the Brighton and Epsom programmes. The plan is not a bad one, and the profits are large enough to make it possible to add a couple of good selling races to the programme. I think the race-cards, by the means of advertisements, might be made twice their present size, and all information of use to the ordinary racegoer should be given, such as horses for courses, a railway time table, a guide to all parts of the course, horses that have been unlucky over the course before, jockeys' averages over the course, and so on. I have, however, left my loudest complaint until last. I propose that pencils should be attached to race-cards, as is done with ball-programmes. The additional cost to the management would be trifling in the extreme, while the innovation would prove of inestimable benefit to backers and gentlemen who wish to make notes.

The directors of the Newbury racecourse have made arrangements under which Mr. John Porter will give his exclusive services to the new racecourse from the present time. It reminds one of the 'bus-driver on holiday. Mr. Porter has put in a lifetime at training, and is now filling up his time in racecourse management. His many friends will join me in wishing him the best of good luck in his new venture. I am told the meeting is bound to be a big success. The members' list is an exceptionally strong one and includes the cream of our nobility. His Majesty will, I believe, pay an early visit to the place to see one of his horses carry silk, and here it may be stated that the royal box is one of the best in England; while the railway service could not well be bettered. I do hope the managers will run a few steeplechase fixtures over their course, as it is well adapted for the jumping business, and I feel sure there would be plenty of runners. Mr. Porter was born at Rugeley, in Staffordshire, and after being for some little time in old Jim Hopwood's stable at Hednesford, he migrated to Findon to act as jockey for John Day and to William Goater. But he did not shine in the saddle, and at the age of twenty-five he started as a trainer at Kingsclere. He has more classic races to his credit than any other trainer, and when the King (then Prince of Wales) decided on removing his horses to Kingsclere, John Porter was asked to accompany them, but he could not break away from the old associations attaching to Park House. Mr. Porter held rather extreme views on the matter of jockeys. He once told a friend of mine that there was not the difference of his walking-stick between the best jockey and the best stable-boy in the country.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



THE ATTEMPT TO ABOLISH AMERICA'S "MURDEROUS" FOOTBALL: PRESIDENT BUTLER, WHO HAS ORDAINED THAT RUGBY SHALL BE PLAYED AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY INSTEAD OF AMERICAN FOOTBALL.

It will be remembered that an extraordinary number of casualties, many of them fatal, have occurred in the football fields of America this year. President Roosevelt recently witnessed the game in order that he might judge whether it had got beyond reasonable bounds, and the President of Columbia University, whose portrait we give, has decided against it.

Photograph by G. G. Rain.



THE SPORTING MATCH BETWEEN MRS. AGGIO AND MR. W. WYATT: MRS. AGGIO, THE WINNER, ON HER GREY MARE.

A match for £100 a side between Mrs. Aggio, wife of the well-known sporting veterinary surgeon, riding her grey mare, and Mr. W. Wyatt, of Reigate, on his grey gelding, was run at Epsom over a mile on the flat, on Wednesday of last week. The match, which was won by Mrs. Aggio by eight lengths, was started by Mr. Vivian Nickalls, winner of the Diamond Sculls, and judged by Mr. Bruce Johnson, Jun., of Croydon. Mrs. Aggio rode at 11 st. and Mr. Wyatt at 9 st. 6 lb.

Photograph by Bowden.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

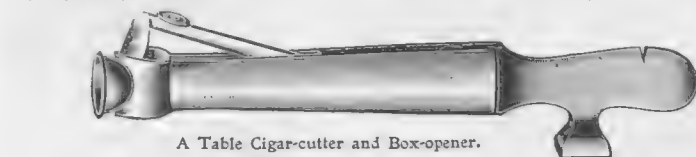
FOR a good all-round shop at which to buy Christmas and New Year presents, whether very costly or very cheap, and a shop where one can always count on the best possible value for money, commend me to the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, of 188, Oxford Street. Besides being goldsmiths and diamond-merchants and jewellers generally, they deal in silverware and electro-plated articles which have a reputation all their own. The Company specialise in fitted dressing-bags, moreover, and one of the illustrations on this page represents a miniature fitted hand-bag for motor or railway travelling, made in real beaver-skin, with dainty silver fittings. This bijou sac costs only fifty-five shillings, and is a surprise in low prices, even in these days of competing traders. An automatic liqueur-table, designed and invented by Alexander Clark, represents the last stage of luxury in smoking-den or lounge-hall, and forms a present calculated to put anyman in good humour for at least a month. Quite a novelty in short sterling-silver chamber-candlesticks, with griffin handle and reeded edges, can be had at 25s., and is both useful and original; another charming trifle is the silver pincushion, with jewel-drawer beneath, for 32s. 6d.; while the papier-poudré cases, fitted with a mirror in the lid, are sure to be immensely popular, as will also undoubtedly be the patent card-holder for victims of the all-prevailing and pervading Bridge. It costs only 9s. 6d., moreover.

Amongst other novelties are a table cigar-cutter and box-opener, costing 15s.; and an excellent silver cigar-cutter and automatic match-stand, as illustrated.

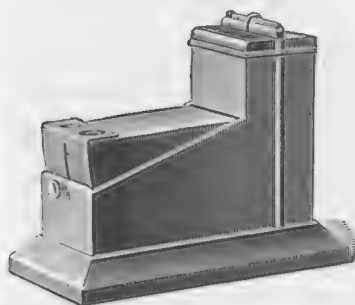
As jewellers, the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, both at the Oxford Street and City house, 125, Fenchurch Street, are especially well known for good taste in design as well as for the remarkable purity of the stones used. Some of their diamond collars and necklaces are jewels worthy of the richest Rajah's collection, while of new and exquisite designs which the improved taste of late years is bringing into fashion superlatively elegant examples will be found on view.

A Marquise Ring in the New Fine Setting, at the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company's.

One of these is illustrated here—a pendant of great beauty, the lower drop of which screws off to form either ring or pin. Another novelty is a marquise ring in the new fine setting, the central diamonds being surrounded by a thin line of emeralds, exquisitely outlined. By this new method of setting small stones in platinum, an infinitely lighter and more graceful form of jewellery has displaced the old heavy and graceless settings of past years.



A Table Cigar-cutter and Box-opener.



A Silver Cigar-cutter and Automatic Match-stand.



A Bijou Sac in Beaver Skin.



A Pendant, the lower drop of which screws off for use as a pin or ring.

USEFUL AND ARTISTIC PRESENTS AT THE ALEXANDER CLARK MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S, 188, OXFORD STREET, W., AND 125, FENCHURCH STREET.

To continue this list of seasonable attractions and distractions with a notice of what is perhaps, after all, the most alluring bait that can be dangled before fair feminine fancy, we must call upon the resources of the Parisian Diamond Company, who have added to the usual fascinations of their collection many dainty trifles especially appropriate as Christmas gifts. Pendants have come into vogue again of late years, together with earrings and miniatures, so of these different ornaments a large and artistic choice is on view at the Company's only shop in Regent Street, No. 143, as well

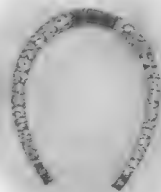
as at their Bond Street and Burlington Arcade branches. Two pretty little pendants are shown on our pages this week: one in diamonds and emeralds, with a round pearl drop; the second, of diamond and amethyst, with pear-shaped pearl. Both are designed in the best manner of the best jewellery; both are exceedingly inexpensive; both are gifts which any woman might receive and wear with pleasure.

A Dainty Pendant at the Parisian Diamond Company's.

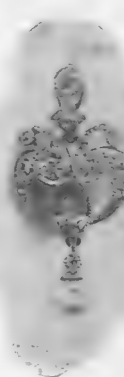
In this connection of diamonds and amethyst a particularly fine necklace appears in the new booklet issued by the Company—a succession of pendants of graduated size strung on a fine platinum chain. A more intrinsically beautiful necklace it would not be easy for any woman to wear. A triumph of gem-setting is the circular pendant of five hanging circles of diamonds shown on page 31 of the Company's catalogue for Christmas. It looks worth five hundred pounds and costs only five little guineas. Amongst the "eccentric" bijouterie must be noted a charming little hare brooch in diamonds from which a tortoise is suspended by a slender chain; and the *pièce de résistance* of the booklet is a facsimile of the celebrated pearl necklet which was substituted by the "lady thief" at Christie's for the two-thousand-guinea string of pearls, and which, but for the matter of differently coloured labels, would doubtless have been sold in all good faith for its costly prototype—one more proof, if it were needed, of the extraordinary perfection of the Parisian Diamond Company's pearls.

A most interesting exhibition of fashions in costumes from the reign of George III. to present style has been inaugurated by Swan and Edgar, and a gallery of wax figures appropriately bedizenized occupies the fine vantage-ground of their windows in Piccadilly Circus. Crowds of excited gazers stand four deep before these verisimilitudes of bygone dames and damsels; and the transition from Empire to Victorian, and so on down to our own graces of gowning, are correctly and picturesquely characterised. Some of the dresses have been copied from sketches found in Paris by diligent searchers after the curious and unknown, others from old prints in libraries and museums. All are historically correct as to colour, form, and minutest detail, so that in looking at these gorgeously clad figures one really feels that a peep into the past is vouchsafed "free of charge," through the enterprising spirit of Swan and Edgar's management. In strong contrast we are treated to another series of waxen ladies beautifully bedecked according to the most modern ideas of present Parisian art, which forms an object-lesson in style and new notions to the prospective purchasers of evening gowns.

Good folk on going away bent, whether for Christmas or later in the New Year for the Sunny South, may have a timely reminder of the trunks, portmanteaux, bags, and boxes generally sent out by Foot and Son, of 171, New Bond Street. There are many things one does not want to last for ever—a hat, a frock, a scolding wife (according to the poet), amongst other things; but it is quite certain that our travelling impedimenta—the attentions of American railway-porters alone excepted—should lead a long and healthy, even if strenuous, life. For this power of resistance to the slings and arrows of outrageous railway fortune, we must depend on the maker. When the maker is Foot and Son, then all is well. When not—well, then one must not expect too much. But of this one may be assured, that only good, honest British work is put into the manufacture of all this firm's output. From the most costly gold-fitted dressing-bag to the simplest and most unadorned handbag, excellence of make and material is guaranteed; and whether one's



A Diamond Horseshoe at the Parisian Diamond Company's, 143, Regent Street, Bond Street, and Burlington Arcade.



A Beautiful Pendant at the Parisian Diamond Company's.

destination be Manchuria or Manchester, the bags and boxes sent forth by Foot are equally able to support the strain of circumstance. Some dainty jewel-boxes and small, fitted handbags are specially suitable for Christmas presents, and are always useful and welcome *cadeaux*.

It is difficult to overestimate the power of jewels in the feminine world, and undoubtedly a gift of jewellery is always appreciated. I have been studying the booklet recently issued by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, who have made such a reputation during the past few years for unconventional and beautiful designing, with the result that I felt compelled to visit in person one of their London show-rooms. There I passed an hour amidst a profusion of the most exquisite combinations of precious stones, mounted with all the daintiness of the finest Parisian artists, but at the same time retaining the finish and durability of English setting. For Christmas presents this firm have prepared a really wonderful collection of brooches, pendants, charms, etc., etc., at prices which astonish one by their moderation, pleasing examples of that artistic beauty of design which is the first consideration of this famous firm. The illustrations of one or two of the larger pieces given here fail to convey an adequate idea of the real beauty of the originals, which, however, I hope many of my readers will take the opportunity of admiring at any one of Messrs. Mappin and Webb's London addresses, 220, Regent Street, 158 to 162, Oxford Street, and 2, Queen Victoria Street. For those who have to do their shopping by post, the booklet to which I have previously referred may be obtained on receipt of a postcard.

In a vaporous climate like ours, where the heavens are telling a tale of rain in season and out, the inevitableness of the macintosh coat is eternally apparent, and if one wanted to send a really appropriate present to a friend living, say, in Ireland or Scotland, what gift would be more responsively, not to say reverently, received than such a complete covering from the humidity of their environment?

There are water-proofs known as "Nosredna" and others as "Sonander"—both registered names and trade-marks of S. Anderson's Bristol Rubber Company. Anyone wearing a "Nosredna" or a "Sonander" may be considered as impervious to disagreeable outside influences, atmospherically speaking, as if he were sheathed in coat-of-mail amidst Chinese arrows.

A whole book-full of different patterns and designs and material leaves the purchaser a very plenary choice, and there are motor waterproofs, cycling ditto, carriage aprons, oilskin clothing for enthusiastic yachting folk, besides the innumerable smart models for feminine wear, such as the Vernon, Trevor, Hampton, Argyle, and other specialties of the makers, whose chief offices are at 9 and 10, High Street, Bristol.

Carters, the great people for surgical furniture and invalid appliances, have sent me a catalogue in which some supremely luxurious and slumber-wooing chairs form a very great attraction as being so apposite to one's thoughts of suitable Yuletide presentations. There must be many people to whom a really easy chair, if accompanied by a Carter's literary machine, would spell unlimited pleasure, and many others who would be glad to bestow such a gift, did its possibilities present themselves. Reading in bed, which is a pleasure to thousands of healthy people, while a refuge from thought for many more and a merciful distraction to the invalid, is provided for by various ingenious devices of Carter's. The breakfast-table comes after the literary machine in usefulness. There are also telescopic revolving tables, reclining chairs adjustable in a dozen different positions, lounge couches in bamboo for garden, deck, or snuggery; invalid carriages, exercise machines giving the motion of rowing or horse exercise as desired, and many other comfort-bestowing specialties for which mankind at large owes much to the ingenuity and humanity of Carter's appliances. In the days of Sairey Gamp and Mrs. Harris invalids and delicate folk generally had to get well in spite of nurses and practitioners of sorts, and to keep well as they might. Nowadays, in view of our present enlightened methods and scientific discoveries, the wonder is that anyone presumes to be ill at all.

As some people are so misguided as to feel "below par" and "cheap" occasionally, it becomes of importance to inform them how these undesirable conditions can be kept at bay. A judicious diet of Plasmon oats, Plasmon blancmange powder, Plasmon biscuits, Plasmon tea—in fact, Plasmon everything—will do more to preserve normal health and ward off disease than many people who don't realise the philosophy of a "stitch-in-time" principle will ever understand. Oats and oatmeal form such a highly nutritive food in winter for children going to school—or anyone with a day's work in front of them—that the Plasmon oats may be recommended as particularly beneficial, inasmuch as they contain 25 per cent. of proteid, the nourishing element of all food, while ordinary oats contain very little, as conclusively laid down by the *Lancet*. That same authoritative journal recommends the health-giving properties of Plasmon custard and Plasmon blancmange. Both preparations, the journal goes on to say, "are a distinct dietetic advance on the ordinary custard or blancmange, which latter contains little else than starch." In the interest of the public, therefore, both of these newly introduced specialties should be as widely known and used as possible. No mother, said a prominent physician the other day, would willingly give her children any other custard, blancmange, or oats than those of Plasmon, did she know how greatly superior they are as food to other similar preparations unadmixed with Plasmon proteids.

Another boon and blessing to the invalid or dyspeptic is the Peptonised Cocoa and Milk combination, as sent out by Savory and Moore.

Everybody admits the invaluable qualities of cocoa, but everybody cannot assimilate that excellent product through weak digestion or other causes. Therefore, when it is made possible to any system by such a process as Savory and Moore have applied, and in conjunction with pure, rich country milk which has been previously peptonised, it stands to reason that persons of impaired digestive powers should use nothing in place of this excellent preparation, which is obtainable at most first-class chemists as well as at Savory and Moore's, Limited, of 143, New Bond Street.

Specialties of the toilet are especially welcome and appropriate at Christmas, and the original Eau de Cologne of Johann Maria Farina, of Julichs Platz No. 4, boasts a world-wide reputation, which owes its inception to the discovery of an Italian gentleman who, in the year 1709, realised the fragrance obtained by a mixture of certain herbs and flowers, which perfume has since made his name a household word in every civilised country of the world. The original recipe is a secret which has been a hundred times imitated but never so far discovered, and to-day one of Cologne's many sights is the great establishment at 4, Julichs Platz, under which title the perfume should be asked for, as many "Eaux" have pirated the name of Johann Maria Farina, but none can annex the actual address from where it can be obtained.

Another distinctive and very delicious perfume of high concentration and especially exquisite bouquet is the Camia scent, manufactured by Mr. V. Rigaud, of Paris, which has already obtained a wide popularity in that city of dainty dames. Made up in a pretty silk case, a bottle of Camia forms a charming present for Christmas or New Year. Its cost is 10s. 6d. in the case, or 8s. without. But as already mentioned, so high is its concentration that a few drops are more lasting than a bottle of ordinary scent, and it is therefore comparatively cheaper. The Camia soap and powder are no less beguiling, while the Camia eau-de-toilette, another special preparation by Rigaud, is an ideal bath-water, giving a dainty freshness and softness that will easily be recognised once its use is begun.

Talking of baths and bathing, our old and favourite friend "Pasta Mack" must not escape notice at this juncture, seeing how much we are indebted for many a fragrant tub to the little white slab of delicate odour which in dissolving disperses such grateful sweetness on the senses. Hard London water is, moreover, made to abate its rigors by the use of "Pasta Mack," a boon which all dwellers in this city of chalky water should learn to appreciate. The price is half-a-crown and a shilling, and the slabs are issued in daintily decorated boxes.



MAGNIFICENT
BROOCHES AND
PENDANTS AT
MESSRS. MAPPIN
AND WEBB'S,
220, REGENT ST.,
158-162,
OXFORD ST.,
AND 2, QUEEN
VICTORIA ST.

Price's "Buttermilk" soap is, as its name implies, a specialty for the complexion. Its makers, famous as Patent Candle Manufacturers, own a name which insures excellence in all their products, and for those who possess a delicate skin, much of the severity of winter and hard water can be discounted by the use of a soap like Price's "Buttermilk," which, as the *Times* in a recent article remarks, is a soap which owns "more than a name, as it actually contains lactic properties," which dictum from so learned, grave, and potent a source may be accepted as the final pronouncement on its many merits.—SYBIL.

SOME RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

The International Sleeping Car Company announces a further improvement in its services, which will bring London, Central Europe, and the near East into closer touch. A section of the famous Orient Express will, on and from Jan. 5, run daily from Calais in connection with the 11 a.m. service from Victoria, and will run through to Vienna (thirty-two hours), Buda-Pesth (thirty-seven hours), and Constantinople (seventy-one hours), without change. Through tickets (which must be taken in advance) are issued by the Sleeping Car Company's London Offices, 20, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company announces that week-end tickets will be issued to most of the seaside and other towns on its line on Dec. 22, 23, and 24. These tickets will be available for the return journey, Dec. 24 to 27 inclusive. Special cheap return tickets will be issued from London to Marseilles, Hyères, Cannes, Grasse, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, and other stations on the French Riviera, via Folkestone and Boulogne, leaving Victoria at 2.15 p.m. on Dec. 22. Cheap excursions will also run from London to Paris, via Dover-Calais and Folkestone-Boulogne, on Dec. 21, 22, 23, and 24; also from London to Brussels, via Dover-Calais, Folkestone-Boulogne, and Dover-Ostend from Dec. 21 to 26 inclusive. For golfing at Le Touquet (in the North of France), special arrangements have been made. Full particulars as to times of trains, etc., will be found in the holiday programme and special train service supplement.

For the convenience of passengers with luggage, the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway announce that an omnibus service is now being run on week-days only from London Bridge (S.-E. and C. R.) to Waterloo (L. and S.-W. R.) and vice versa, every fifteen minutes between the hours of 9 a.m. and 7 p.m. No charge will be made for this service.

The Brighton and South Coast Railway make a bold bid for the Christmas holiday traffic this year, as a glance at their programme, with its artistic cover and concisely arranged information, will show. Exceptional facilities in the shape of numerous excursions are offered to attract visitors to the sunny South Coast. For the Crystal Palace holiday entertainments, extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic. A fourteen-day excursion to Dieppe, Rouen, and Paris is arranged via the Newhaven route from London by the night service on Dec. 21, 22, and 23, and by the day service on Saturday morning, Dec. 23. The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway have also made complete arrangements for the expeditious dispatch and delivery of Christmas parcels at rates, with a few exceptions, cheaper than those by parcel post. The Company's West-End office, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Dec. 21, 22, and 23, for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line and to the Continent, at the same fares as charged at the London terminal stations.

The custom of spending Christmas with one's own people is almost universal, and fully to enjoy the holiday it is essential that the journey home should be made by the railway giving the quickest service, coupled with the most reasonable time for leaving London. The question of railway fares must also be borne in mind, and the notice of the travelling public is drawn to the facilities offered by the Great Northern Railway, who once again are carrying out in the spirit, as in the letter, their popular motto of "Holiday Travel a Specialty." Low fares, quick transit, and convenient departure-times are the rule. Numerous excursions are being run by the Company. Full particulars will be found in an attractive Christmas Excursion Programme, to be had of any G.N. station or agent, and the Chief Passenger Agent, King's Cross.

The Hyde Park Hotel has already gained an excellent reputation as a place in which to give balls, receptions, and so forth, and its reputation is growing rapidly. Those who know their London will not need to be reminded that the address of the hotel is Knightsbridge, Hyde Park, London. Those who are anxious to know more of it can do so by sending to the hotel for its illustrated souvenir, which not only describes the building and its undoubted advantages, but tells the story of the neighbourhood in which it stands, gives illustrations of the principal rooms, a plan of the hotel, and details as to the tariffs and such matters.

Amongst useful Christmas presents must be mentioned the razors made by the Wilkinson Sword Company, of 27, Pall Mall. The Wilkinson Razor is made of the finest sword steel, is ground and finished by a patent process, and at all stages of manufacture is submitted to tests that enable the firm to warrant each of their productions perfect. The firm makes not only the ordinary form of razor, but the well-known safety shaver, as well as such accessories as stropping-machines, strops, mirrors, and brushes. Both types of razor can be had in cases. The firm's goods are on sale in all the principal West End shops.

The diaries and pocket-books for which Messrs. Letts are responsible are particularly noticeable from the fact that they contain insurance policies—for £1,000 for death by accident, and for sums varying from £100 to £500 for injury. The diaries themselves are made in every convenient form, perhaps the most noticeable of them being the "Daily Health Diary," by Mr. Eustace Miles,

which contains general hints on health, and various examples of the exercises and the diet recommended by the well-known author and athlete. Also published by the same firm are Moore's Almanac, the Improved Tablet Diary, a self-opening diary, Charles Letts' "Improved Annual House-keeper," a Patent Date-Indicator, the "Ladies' Year Book," and "The British Almanac and Family Cyclopædia."

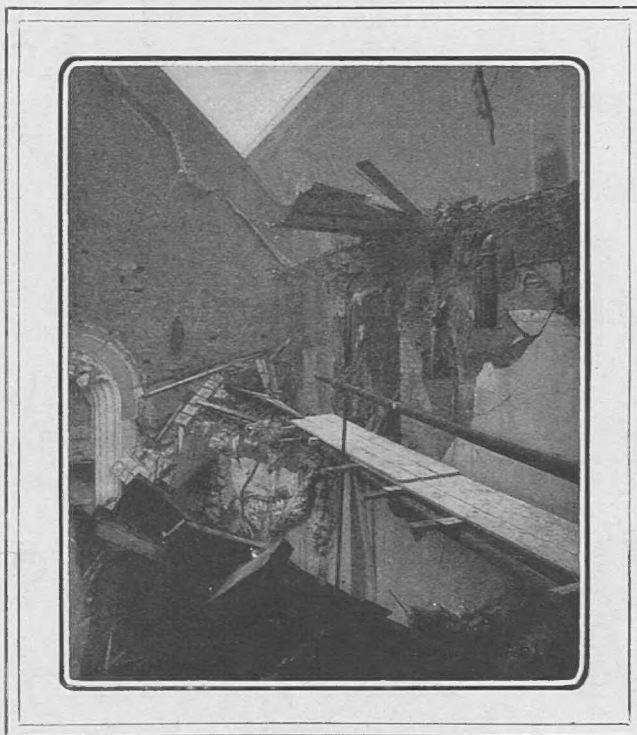
Messrs. Ernest Nister's calendars are as varied and as numerous as usual. Every taste is catered for. We may mention "London," illustrated by a number of coloured views, "Gems from Shakspeare," the "Sunshine" Calendar, the "Proverbs" Calendar, the "Cherry Ripe" Calendar, and the "Musicians'" Calendar, which gives a quotation for every day in the year.

Smokers of Havana cigars may be advised to test the new brand, "La Decoracion," as there is undoubtedly an unusually strong combination of talent engaged in its production. The owners of the factory from which it comes issue, through their English agent, J. Gonzalez Riego, 19, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., an interesting book, "The Life Story of an Havana Cigar," which will be sent free on receipt of a postcard.

At this most appropriate season a new liqueur has been invented. It is known as Bananarine. It is claimed that "it has all the lusciousness of the banana in full force, the spirit of the brandy having seemingly brought out the aroma of the fruit, while the fruit has tamed the spirit of the brandy." In addition to its value as a liqueur, Bananarine finds favour for use with mousses, soufflés, cream and water ices, sweets and confectionery. Sample half-bottles may be obtained from the West-End agents, Messrs. D. Wheatley and Sons, 24, South Audley Street, W.

Nestor Gianacis cigarettes are guaranteed absolutely free from everything but the choicest tobacco, no drugs of any sort being employed in their manufacture. They are made under the personal supervision of M. Nestor Gianacis, one of the finest connoisseurs of Turkish tobacco in the world, and the closest attention is paid to sanitary arrangements. M. Gianacis has even planted an avenue of eucalyptus trees in the private grounds surrounding his factory. These cigarettes, which have been before the public for twenty-five years, have always yielded that fragrant aroma associated only with the highest class cigarettes.

The attention of our men readers may be called to the shaving kit issued by Messrs. Kampfe Brothers, of New York, whose goods are on sale everywhere in this country. Among the firm's specialties are the well-known Star safety razor, the Star interchangeable razors, and the Star safety corn razor. The goods are all supplied singly or in cases, as may be desired.



WHY MR. CYRIL MAUDE AND MISS WINIFRED EMERY ARE TO GO TO THE WALDORF: A VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE AVENUE THEATRE AFTER THE DISASTER AT CHARING CROSS RAILWAY STATION.

Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Maple and Co., who were engaged on the work of decorating the theatre.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. THE PRINCE OF WALES
& THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH



THE LEADING NAVAL AND MILITARY MESSES
AND CLUBS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY
HABITUALLY SMOKE

Marich Cigarettes

because they are the most exquisite Turkish Cigarettes made. The tobacco is selected by a connoisseur of many years' experience, and the cigarettes are rolled entirely by experts. From first to last they are the finest, and stand for

Luxury and Refinement

in smoking. Note the moderate prices:—
Box of 100, 6/6 post free, well packed, on receipt of remittance, to any address in U. K. Box of 500, 30/-. There could be no better XMAS PRESENT.

Marich & Co.
of Malta
BILLITER BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.

AN IDEAL
CHRISTMAS
GIFT.



A SMART
WATCH FOR
SMART MEN.

ELEGANT.
SUBSTANTIAL & THIN.
The new model, strong
enough for hard everyday
wear, yet THIN enough for
the most fastidious wearer.

"Carlton"
THE "CORRECT" WATCH

STRONG
ALL SOLID
18-CT. GOLD
throughout.
Ordinary Price, £8 8s.
Best quality movement. Highest
finish. Chronometer balance and
Breguet springs. Exquisite antique
silver dial. Splendidly accurate
timekeeper. Manufactured and
supplied by the H. WHITE MFG.
CO. at £5 17s. 6d. Shop Price,
£8 8s. Mailed anywhere upon
receipt of Remittance. Returnable
if disapproved or sent for inspection
on receipt of customary reference.
COLONIAL ORDERS—enquire
special attention. Insurance post-
age 2/6 extra. Everything
sent at the Company's risk.
Timed for all climates.
Thoroughly accurate.
FREE.—A Valuable Book
on Watches, post free,
mention Sketch.

H. WHITE MANUFACTURING CO.
OFFICES
34, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.
next to the Criterion—over the LANCET-Bldg.

BALDNESS.

Alopecia Areata,
Seborrhoea (greasy
dandruff),
Pityriasis (dry
dandruff),
Atrophy of the
Follicles,
Falling Hair, Grey-
ness, &c.

No one remedy, how-
ever much advertised,
can cure ALL diseases
of the hair. What
would be useful for
one is harmful to the other or ineffective.
If you will send for particulars, enclosing a few of
the fallen hairs, we will examine same and tell you,
free of cost, the cause of your particular hair trouble
and the possibilities of a cure.

WE HAVE NEVER FAILED IN CURING A CASE
THAT WE HAVE PRONOUNCED CURABLE.

The number of cases we deal with enables us to give
you specialist treatment for a few shillings, which
otherwise would only be within the reach of the wealthy.
Our society is under the management of one of
the greatest hair specialists in Europe.

London Offices—
R. LA SOCIETE POUR LA CALVITIE,
44 and 46, Knightbridge Street, LONDON, E.C.



"For Auld Lang Syne" Smoke

Smith's



Medium
Strength
in YELLOW
LABEL

4½d. per oz.
9d. per 2 oz.
1/6 per ¼-lb.

FULL
Strength
in GREEN
LABEL

4½d. per oz.
9d. per 2 oz.
1/6 per ¼-lb.

Glasgow Mixture

SOLD IN PACKETS AND TINS ONLY.

"ARGYLL"



"The Light Touch of a Gentle Lady"

will drive an "Argyll" car. Everything is simplicity, every-
thing is "just there;" the driver has only to look ahead.
The "Argyll" cars will "go-anywhere-and-do-anything,"
and they excel in reliability and beauty of design.

Send for New Art Catalogue K, which tells intending purchasers all they require to know

London Agents, "Argylls London," Ltd., 17, Newman Street, Oxford Street.

ARGYLL MOTORS, LTD., Argyll Works, Bridgeton, GLASGOW.

NEW SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY. RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.

If you have Rheumatism or Gout in any form, it is now possible to be cured, without having your Stomach, Heart, or Liver injured, and every sufferer should welcome this new and marvellous discovery by giving it an honest trial, Free of all Expense.

The chemists of the Clinic Remedy Company of London discovered Al-ka-lon, and are generous enough to send it free to every sufferer who writes at once. It is a simple new treatment, and will not interfere with your regular duties.

As you know, if you have tried them, almost every so-called Rheumatic Cure on the market to-day, except this genuine remedy, will cause you violent stomach pains and sickness, some of them being even so dangerous as to cause Heart trouble; and the worst of it is they never cure. Where a person has Rheumatism or gout, the constitution is so run down that they must be very careful what they take into the stomach. It therefore gives us great pleasure to present a remedy to cure every form and variety of Rheumatism and Gout, without one single unpleasant effect. That remedy is

AL-KA-LON.

Before we decided to tell the world about the wonderful discovery of Al-ka-lon, experiments were made in Hospitals, public and private, with perfect success. As some people never can be convinced, until they learn from actual experience, the best test, and quickest way for you, as a sufferer, is to write us that you want to be cured, when we will send you Al-ka-lon free of cost.

It does not matter what your form of Rheumatism or Gout is, Acute, Chronic, Muscular, Inflammatory, Deformant, Sciatic, Neuralgic, or Gout, Lumbago, etc., Al-ka-lon will surely cure you. Do not mind if any other remedies have failed you. This is a positive remedy. Do not mind if half-a-dozen Doctors say you are incurable, because we know what our remedy will do. Mind no one, but write to us immediately. Al-ka-lon will stop those aches and pains, those inflammations and deformities, and CURE you, so that life will again be worth living. This offer is not for curiosity-seekers, but is made to actual Rheumatic and Gout sufferers only.

There is no remedy, whose important ingredients have been so highly endorsed as those contained in Al-ka-lon. According to custom, it is impossible for us here, to give the names of the noted English, French and German Authorities on Medicine, or the names of the eminent and well-known Medical Journals of England and the Continent, which endorse its ingredients, and say they will positively cure Rheumatism and Gout.

This most scientific and potent remedy is generously sent, simply "for the asking." The directors, however, beg to state that a penny stamp for return postage must accompany your request. Address—"The Clinic Remedy Company," 7, Thanet House, Strand, W.C., London, England.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 27.

MONEY AND THE MARKETS.

THE active efforts of the Bank Directors to curtail the floating surplus of money has had considerable effect, which has been accentuated by the refusal of the Old Lady to lend under 5 per cent. The truth is that the withdrawal of gold for South America, and the threatening aspect of several foreign exchanges caused strong measures to be taken. We shall probably escape a 5 per cent. rate, but between now and the end of the year dearer money is inevitable.

There is a fair volume of business doing, but it is more of the speculative investment character than mere gambling, and the dearness of money has made itself very apparent in the market for the giltiest of gilt-edged securities. Slowly, but surely, the continued disturbances in Russia are making the small Continental holder uneasy, and inclined to realise, but otherwise foreigners have been wonderfully firm. The Nitrate position was dealt with during the last few days by the chairman of the New Tamarugal Company, and as might have been expected at the meeting of a company for which not even its best friends can claim a large measure of success, Mr. Lomax was not over-optimistic. He clearly has not abandoned hope of the renewal of the combination, however, and his confident remarks as to the impossibility of increasing the output on account of the scarcity of labour add another point to those we gave last week for the confidence with which shareholders may regard the future.

AMERICANS.

With the ending of the year there is naturally curtailment of speculation in all the markets, and the British public has withdrawn some of its support from Americans, which are now left more than ever in the hands of Wall Street. The business on the other side of the pond has for some time past drifted into a kind of specialising that deals with three, or perhaps four, different shares simultaneously, while allowing the rest of the list to remain, not actually dormant, but comparatively neglected. The gamble in Missouri shares has lately formed a feature, and, so far from the rise being over, our own advisers favour a substantial improvement yet, so that, if the shares can be bought back on a dull day, the opportunity is likely to prove worth the taking. There seems to be no doubt about the eagerness of two or three large lines to obtain control of the Missouri. The wholesale buying of Unions has been so greatly paraded as to arouse suspicions whether these purchases might not be cloaks for realisations in other directions; but, be that as it may, the shares are talked to 200 by the Stock Exchange people in close touch with good Wall Street information. To invest in, Norfolk and Western Common deserve repeated mention, for there is a twelve-dollar steady advance to come in the shares, while Denver Preferred, paying 5½ per cent. on the money, are also a good speculative investment. The Yankee Market is not likely to do anything spectacular on this side of the New Year, and it is conceivable that a trifling money flurry, so common at the year-end, may cause a small depression down the list of prices.

MORE INDUSTRIALS.

In the same way, the just-mentioned possibility of money becoming a trifle more expensive before the New Year acts as a restraint to buyers of sound Industrial pre-Ordinary Stocks. It is curious how quickly conditions alter in the case of dealing in Industrial Debentures when money is cheap, and when it becomes dear. The quotations in the *Official List* may scarcely vary, but whereas in the former case it is easy to get high prices, money need only be one per cent. less plentiful for the seller to find his stock unwanted at the lower of the two quotations in the list. The conditions apply, though with much less force, to Industrial Preference shares, in which the market as a rule is very limited. Underwriters generally receive such handsome commission for guaranteeing Preference issues that they are able to accept a discount price and still make a swinging profit, the consequence being that until Preference shares get firmly into the hands of a wide public, the tendency is mostly "sellers." It is worth pointing out that Metropolitan Electric Lighting Preference have fallen in sympathy with other electric supply descriptions, although this particular Company stands at practically no risk such as confronts other London undertakings by reason of the threatened competition of the County Council. The shares are well secured and are pretty sure to recover their loss. While the L.C.C. and the St. Neots schemes are in the air, it is doubtful if electric shares will revive to any extent. We see more chance for an advance in some of the Telegraph securities,

such as Eastern Extension, Eastern Telegraph, Great Northern, Indo-European, and Globe Telegraph and Trust Ordinary shares.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Caught it, by Jove!" and The Jobber dropped panting into a seat. "Close shave that."

"Closer than the other you had this morning," remarked The Broker, carefully feeling his own chin.

"Wait—till I've got—my breath," returned The Jobber, fanning himself with *The Banker's Times*. "If ever I run—for a train again—may I jolly well—lose it."

"Time is money," said The City Editor, with the air of having invented an epigram.

"Doesn't matter much about time *this* week," The Engineer complained. "Only the shops are busy."

The City Editor looked quite amused. "Evidently you are a close student of modern journalism," he laughed.

"The wonder is that you financial writers don't puff shares as being suitable for seasonable souvenirs or something equally silly," said The Engineer.

The Carriage laughed outright.

"They do! they do!" cried The Jobber. "Take up any popular rag and see if the so-called City columns don't contain advice as to what to buy if you want to make money for Christmas presents."

"I sold my Home Rails," observed The Engineer. "Took my profit for Christmas presents."

"Think they're going lower then?—Rails, I mean: not presents."

"I shouldn't be surprised to see thoroughly dull markets between now and the end of the year."

"Thank heaven we haven't long to endure this thorn—"

The Jobber was recovering.

"After Christmas—"

"A week of blank blankness," declared The Broker.

"And then?"

"I have a client," The Broker replied, "who bought Kaffirs at the beginning of this year, when everyone expected good markets, and he's still got them."

The Carriage knew what it meant, and was silent.

"Things are much better now than they were a year ago," The City Editor assured his friends.

"I think that is indisputable," said The Banker. "And even

black anarchy in Russia would drive more money into Consols."

"At very expensive cost to Kaffirs and other things?" asked The City Editor.

"I've told you a dozen times that Yankees are the only fit shares for a man to deal in," The Jobber put in.

"A bear of Russians is the best investment for a man who can afford to see the thing through."

The Broker agreed. "And I think some of these Japanese Loans might be sold now. They're good enough, of course; but the scope for further rise is practically nil, except in the Fours."

"Which are quite high enough," said The Merchant. "I'd rather buy some of the Argentine Railway things."

"Rosies?"

"Good as any—perhaps the best; and the Deferred, too."

The Broker drew a pencil from his pocket, and with an air of studied negligence toyed with an envelope.

"Give your orders, gents," cried The Jobber; and there was again a general laugh as the pencil and envelope vanished. The Broker was very red in the face.

"Say anything you like," replied The Jobber, as his friend made a brief observation into his ear. "I'm proof against undeserved insult at Christmastime."

"Touching Yankees," said The City Editor—

"Who's touching them?" demanded the valorous defender of the market.

"I thought it might make Trunks flat if Yankees fell," was the meek response.

The Jobber made a gesture of disgust. "You're always waving your wretched Trunks in my face—What are you grinning at now?"

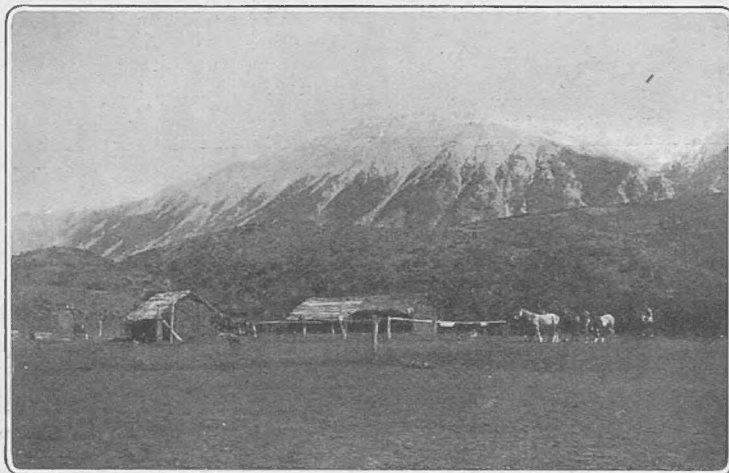
"With the development of Canada," said The Banker, heroically striving to keep the discussion to business, "there must naturally follow a further revival in Canadian securities."

"In the case of Trunks, Thirds and Ordinary, the future is already over-discounted," The Engineer stated. "Good gambling counters; best to be a bull on balance—"

"If not, you'll lose your balance at the bank," quoth The City Editor, smiling at his ready wit.

"Har! Har!" said The Jobber, very seriously. "Har! Har!"

"Trunk Firsts and Seconds are decentish investments," interposed The Engineer.



ARGENTINE SOUTHERN LANDS COMPANY; CHOHLA ESTANCIA.

"What an awful word! There ought to be a punishment for such crimes."

"I still swear by Mexican First Preference," remarked The Broker. "I believe it's a good stock to put away."

"How about this Honduras gamble?" The Merchant asked him. "Anything in it?"

"Gambling, as you say. But I am told by good people that the bonds are to be put better."

"Rotten muck," said The Jobber, concisely. "Better go a bear of Unions or a bull of Southern Pacifics—or both—as a hedge."

"Extraordinary idea!" exclaimed The City Editor. "Why, you might—"

"Just so. Be a bull of North-Western Railway Debenture and a bear of the Preference stocks, I think you were going to suggest? There are some minds constituted in such a way—"

"We've dispensed with gold to speculate in copper," The Broker told The Banker. "Gold-mining shares no longer fascinate; it's all other metals now."

"I've got a very decentish profit," said The Engineer, "on some of the Broken Hill shares I bought through the advice of a weekly paper which has a correspondent out there."

"Why, that's *The Sk*—"

"Well, gentlemen," and The Jobber arose as the train ran into the station; "you'd have had a much jollier Christmas—"

The Engineer opened the door for him.

"—if you'd taken my advice and bought yourselves—"

The Broker gently pushed him on to the platform.

"Shut up, Brokie. Bought yourselves Yankees. But it's—too—late—now!"

Saturday, Dec. 16, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

RHODESIA.—The Debentures would not suit us as a safe investment. Will someone guarantee the Chartered Company? You would do far better with

Villa Maria and Rufino Preference shares guaranteed by the B.A. Pacific Railway Company.

A. H. S.—Owing to want of space, the answers we wrote for you and others were held over. Buy a few more Premiers when they are flat. There is nothing the matter except that the new plant will probably not be at work as quickly as expected, and the directors will not pay a dividend this half-year, which we anticipated several weeks ago.

J. S.—Only the directors can tell you the profits; but, as far as we know, there is nothing to cause you any anxiety.

A. E.—(1) We prefer Um Rus and Egyptian Mines Exploration Company. (2) See answer to A. H. S. (3) We do not care for any Kaffirs just now. (4) The Trafford Park Shares are a good speculative holding if trade continues good.

COUNTRYMAN.—Canadian Pacifics are a good speculative purchase, and your broker, in saying what he does, is merely echoing the opinion of the market—not always right, by-the-bye.

W. H. B. C.—The bank is a sort of money-lending, bill-of-sale affair, and can only pay the rates quoted by such means. We do not think you can get 7 or 8 per cent. on deposit anywhere with reasonable safety. A terminal deposit-bond is a high-sounding title for a piece of paper promising to pay on a certain date, and with coupons for the interest in the meanwhile.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

There should be good sport on the concluding day of the Windsor Meeting. Helter-Skelter has a chance in the December Hurdle-Race, Sundew should win the College Steeplechase, and Little Fitz ought to win the Wednesday Hurdle. Rubini has a big chance in the Three-Year-Old Hurdle-Race. Sport at Plumpton will be poor. I like Marchu Real for the Hassocks Steeplechase, Mimist for the Sussex Hurdle-Race, and Less Speed for the Three-Year-Old Hurdle-Race. For the Plumpton Handicap, on the second day, Royal Blaze has a big chance. The Lewes Hurdle-Race ought to go to Frisky Bill. The Redhill Steeplechase may be won by Minor Daly. I shall have another opportunity of dealing with the Christmas programme at Kempton Park, which will attract a leviathan crowd. Capital entries have been received, and the sport should be tip-top. The Christmas Hurdle Handicap should attract a big field of good horses. Stephanos, despite his big weight, is very likely to win again if he does not cut it.

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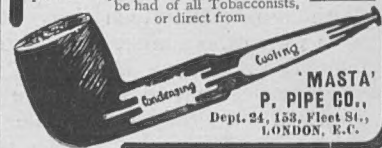
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